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THE RIVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY FRANK J. OTTARSON

The river comes down from the mountain,
And brawls through the wood and the plain
The course that goes on without ceasing,
Knowing no retrocession again;
By the hamlet, and village, and city,
Growing broader and deeper, the river
Keeps steadily on, without resting,
Till lost in the ocean forever.

The broad river bears on its bosom
The marks of the battles it won,
Trees torn from its banks—perhaps corpses—
But still it keeps steadily on.
Man tries to restrict and control it,
And his mill-wheel compels it to turn,
Till in wrath and destruction it rises
And laughs his poor efforts to scorn.

Now nearing the sea, slow and slower,
And sinking to quiet and sleep,
Its battles well won and all ended,
It falls in the arms of the deep;
With the limitless waters commingling
We know the great river no more;
'Tis a part of the mighty Hereafter,
A stream without current or shore.

And is not the course of the river
In some way the story of Life?
Like the brook from the sun-gilded mountain
The boy springs in laughter to strife;
To the toil and the contest unceasing
That fill all his earlier years,
For wealth, for precedence, for honor,
Through a life less of smiles than of tears.

When age comes upon him, and weakness,
And a yearning for slumber and rest,
Slow and slower the stream of existence
Fades away like a star in the west;
Till a sudden there yawns in his pathway
The gate to the Beautiful Shore—
Then, as silent as went the broad river,
He enters—we know him no more!

FAIR AS A STAR;
OR,
LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—FLOWERS.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each flower that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.—ANON.

When Helen Pomfrey went downstairs after her success she found quite a gathering of people in the greenroom. She had made her mark, and was tasting the delights of popularity. The manager introduced her to one or two of his friends, and everyone was struck by the ladylike ease of her manners, and the graceful way in which she received their compliments.

There was none of the vulgar triumph of an underbred girl at an accidental success, but the thorough good feeling of a grateful lady for a signal benefit. Philip Craven was in the room with something in his hand; but he kept in the background as yet, and contented himself with marking the eloquent play of Helen's features, and noting the perfect propriety and elegance of her dress and appearance. She wore a tight-fitting, dark-gray dress, with white linen collar and cuffs, and a black hat with a gull's wing in it. She was as neatly dressed as though she were going out for a morning promenade; and never, under any circumstances, went to the theatre shabby, or in any way carelessly appointed. The manager was wont to say she was a credit to the place; for, whereas most of his ladies appeared at rehearsal in gorgeous array, like so many painted butterflies, and came to their business at night as dingy as grubs, Miss Pomfrey was always so neat and ladylike that she was fit to be seen by anybody.

"You and I will have a chat to-morrow, my dear," he said, as he bade her good-night. "I shall have something to say to you after this."

He had previously introduced her to Philip Craven, and they had bowed to each other, but the young man had not spoken. Now, however, they were left alone for a moment, and, while Helen was studying the "calls" that had been placed upon the board, he came quietly to her side.

"Miss Pomfrey," he said in a strangely hesitating voice, "you have given me a great treat to-night."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Craven."

"I could not have believed that the old piece could have interested me so much. I never saw such a Parthenia."

"You have seen many better, I am sure," Helen said, smiling. "Thank you very much for your good opinion, and thank you for the rose you threw me."

It was nestling in the front of her gray dress now, making just the point of warmth and color her costume wanted to render it perfect, and sending out a subtle odor which, without being strong, was quite perceptible in the room.

"I was afraid you would think it an impertinence."

"A flower is never impertinent, and this one is so lovely. I don't know where I have seen such a rose."

"I plead guilty to being very extravagant in the matter of flowers," the young man said, with unconcealed delight in her pleasure; "but I like them as they grow, and to have them so is a luxury the florists make one pay for. I like to see them out, and to know that I got blossom, leaves and stalks just as nature made them."

"Oh, so do I!" said Helen warmly. "It seems cruel to think of wire, and thread, and cotton-wool in connection with flowers. I think sticking a flower on a pin is like impaling a living thing."

"Then I am afraid this will not please you," he said, drawing the silver paper from a superb bouquet and offering it to her. "I could not get anything but the orthodox construction—wires, cotton-wool, and all—to-night. Will you accept it—you know you said you did not consider flowers an impertinence—as a token of my gratitude for this night's unexpected pleasure?"

He was so earnest, and his manner was so frank and pleasant, that Helen took the bouquet with delight.

"You are very good," she said. "When I stepped upon the stage to-night I had no idea of doing anything but saving myself from utter failure, and getting away without any one noticing how badly I had played it. I am glad to have succeeded—very glad."

"Not more glad than everyone else. I came here to see all the old faces again—you know I am a regular habitue of this place, and I have been away for some time. I was prepared to be very much bored by the piece, and to have a gossip with my old friend Bessie Reardon between whiles. I have seen the old faces, and a new one, which I shall never forget."

Again she thanked him for the flowers, and they parted. She wondered what made his hand so cold and his lip so tremulous as he bade her good-night, and she could not get him out of her own head as she went home. How kind he seemed, how nice and friendly, yet perfectly respectful at the same time. No wonder the girls spoke so highly of him, and he seemed to have everybody's good word. She could not refuse his bouquet, it was so pleasantly given; and she caught herself wishing that she could keep it alive for a long time, and have it always near her. Never mind, she could keep the rose—that had a stalk, and would live in a glass of water—for a long time, and when it was dead she could press the leaves, and keep them in memory of this night.

"Bah! How foolish I am," she said to herself as she reached her home. 'Of course, it is only a bit of common gallantry in him. He will have forgotten my existence by to-morrow!"

But she sighed as she thought how pleasant the gallantry had been, and what a kindly expression there was in Philip Craven's eyes when he was talking to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Banton were delighted with her success. She had come to be to them as a daughter, and all that concerned her was interesting to them. They had been at the theatre, but they never waited for Helen, who was, of course, always some little time dressing after her business was over.

"My dear child, you don't know how glad we are," Mrs. Banton said, kissing her. "Are these your flowers?" taking a large parcel from her as she spoke.

"Yes, mammie, dear. I should like to have given them to the girls, but the sort of people that were there to-night would be sure to hear of it and feel offended. I felt as though I'd been 'obtaining goods under false pretences,'" she added with a laugh. "They were all intended for Miss Reardon."

"Well, you deserve them, any way," the old woman said, putting the flowers here and there about the room. "I could have cried with joy when I saw them flying down, though it seemed to me some of them must hit you in the face; but what is that, my dear, you've got so carefully wrapped up there? What a lot you've had to carry, to be sure."

"Flowers are not heavy, mammie, dear."

"No, they ain't; but what's that?"

"Oh, that's only another bouquet," Helen replied, blushing to her very hair-roots, and feeling as though she would have given the world to keep that telltale color down. "It's a handsomer one than the others, and I didn't want it to get crushed, so I tied it up by itself."

She took off the wrappings as she spoke, and revealed a most exquisite bouquet. It was mostly composed of white, but there were sprays of delicate pink flowers and stalks of fairy-like maiden-hair ferns amongst them, most artistically arranged. It was a beautiful and costly gift, and its selection showed an artistic taste and a quick perception of what would please. Most men would have chosen the biggest and gayest bunch to be found, thinking any flowers would do. Not so Philip Craven. Helen's appearance and the tones of her voice, and the refinement that showed itself in her every movement, taught him how to choose. Mrs. Banton exclaimed when she saw them. She loved flowers very dearly, too, and she knew the worth and rarity of this cluster.

"Oh, my dear, what beauties? Who threw them? I did not see them go down, and I think I must have noticed them if they had been there."

"They were not there; they were not thrown to me at all."

"Oh, left at the door for you. Well, that's more sensible. The pretty things get broken all to pieces with being dashed upon the hard boards. Why, these must have cost a little fortune."

"I think the gentleman can afford it from all I have heard. They were not left at the door, but given to me,

"And with them words of such sweet breath composed
As made the gifts more sweet,"

she added, with a smile.

"Ah, indeed, and who gave them to you, child?"

"Mr. Philip Craven. He was introduced to me, and he gave me these flowers, with a few such pleasant words as well that I could have cried with delight like a baby."

"You are just a little overdone, I fancy," Mrs. Banton said, "or else you are not used to the world's ways enough, or you wouldn't see so much in the gift of a bouquet."

"There are ways and ways of giving," was Helen's reply to this observation. "And Mr. Craven's way was a very nice one."

"So are his flowers. I suspect, Helen, this night's performance will do you good with the manager, as well as with the public. He'll be wanting to make a feature of you now, I expect."

"I shan't let him."

"What?"

"I shan't let him. I'm very well content to stay as I am. The salary is enough to live upon, and I want nothing more."

"But suppose he offers you better business, a more prominent position?"

"I shall decline it."

"Why?"

Helen sighed. There was a "why" very patent to her of which her kind friends knew nothing, and she only said quietly:

"Because I don't want to do anything to bring me into special notice. I only want to live without being seen or known. I am very happy as I am."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Banton, with a puzzled look, "if you wanted to live without being seen, what made you choose the stage for a profession—a calling which sets you up on a pedestal for every eye in the city to look at you if it chooses?"

"Because there was nothing else for me to do," replied the girl passionately. "Because I was here, friendless and alone, in this great city, with starvation before me, and desperation and despair behind. I knew that I could get on in the ballet. My face and hair were passport enough there, and I went."

She had never alluded to anything in her past life before, and she said no more now, except to bid them good-night when she retired to her room, taking her flowers with her. If Philip Craven could have seen her gazing at them, conversing with herself, or guessed at the wild wishes that were passing through her heart, he would have gone into ecstacy.

"If such a thing could be," she murmured to herself. "If such a man had met me in the old times, when I was a girl, with a girl's heart and a girl's purity, what a heaven this earth might have been. Might have been! Bah! what a worse than idiot I am! Have I not known ever since I set foot in this alien land that for me, as long as I live, there can be no home ties? No husband's lip must ever meet mine, no little child even lie upon my bosom, and lisp the holy name of 'mother' into my ears!"

She looked earnestly at her beauty in the glass, and her lips quivered.

"I am young," she muttered, "and strong. I have a long life of years before me, and yet I must lead it alone. If love comes to me I must crush it out, stamp upon it as though it were some vile thing too unholy for mortal ken, instead of the God-given attribute sent down to us from another world. Great Heaven! What has my sin been? What have I done that I should have to undergo such a penance as this?"

Miss Pomfrey was, certainly, as Mrs. Banton said, overwrought, for she burst into passionate, hysterical weeping at the end of her somewhat incoherent speech, and had great difficulty in battling with it, that she might not be heard. And Philip Craven, alone in his particular den in his father's house, was thinking lovingly of her beauty, and declaring to himself that she was the woman ordained for him by fate, and making up his mind to marry her if he could only persuade her into saying yes.

CHAPTER XXII.—ENGLANDWARDS.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day.
—SHAKESPEARE.

The little steamer which conveyed Graham Goldburn from the shores of Australia to the Cape made a pleasant voyage of it, and her captain often declared afterwards that he had never had such an agreeable passenger as the one who had so oddly and suddenly arrived on board. He was a singularly well-informed and lively man, considering the recluse's life he described himself to have led at Nic-Nic Gap. In dress he was countrified, and wore the orthodox squatter costume; but in manner and bearing he was essentially of the town. His hands, too, puzzled the worthy skipper not a little. They were lithe and well shaped, soft in the skin and long in the nails—certainly not the hands of a man whose daily life had been passed in an Australian stockyard—not exactly the place for cultivating a fine hand or a delicate condition of body, any way. But Mr. Goldburn explained this easily when the captain remarked upon it one day as they leaned over the vessel's side together, smoking their pipes and chatting idly, as the little steamer cut through the blue water. Graham Goldburn was decidedly a capital fellow to while away an idle hour with. He must have knocked about the world a good bit as a youngster, for he could talk of almost everything besides his tens of thousands of cattle, from which it would seem he had parted without any regret.

"Wanted a change, I suppose?" the Captain said.

"Just that. My health was breaking down."

"Ah, climate didn't suit you?"

"No!"

"And yet I've always heard the bush was very healthy."

"So it is to most people. So it was to me for many years; but the wet season last year knocked me off my legs entirely."

"Ah, rheumatism, I suppose?"

"No, I'm thankful to say. Rheumatism twists people up and stiffens their limbs, and makes every movement a martyrdom. I was spared that, though I suffered enough. I had a bad spell of fever that has left a lassitude even to this day. I was over anxious about my stock—it was at its greatest value just then—and my people—I had some very good hands about me at the time—and for weeks I had hardly a dry thread on me even at night."

"Ah, that's the way many a man's life is sapped out of him," said the Captain sympathizingly. "I know what that means for a long spell sometimes; but salt water aint so bad, they say."

"Salt or fresh, I should say either was bad enough. I know what it did for me. At the end of the time, when my land was getting dry again, and my stock coming round into condition—for they suffered terribly, poor things—I lay myself down, and for a long time I never thought to get up again. I've never been the same man since. Indeed, I haven't done five minutes' rough work since that destructive season of wet!"

"That accounts for it, then!"

"For what?"

"Your hands!"

"What about them?"

"Why, they're as smooth as satin, and as white as a woman's. I've been wondering at them ever since you came aboard."

"I daresay you have," said Mr. Goldburn with a laugh, spreading out his fingers and looking at them. "They don't look much like the paws of a squatter in the bush, do they? You'd wonder at them still more if you had seen them two years ago. They were more like bear's paws than anything else; but they skinned in that fever. Sickness is a wonderful agent in altering people in every way."

The Captain remembered this conversation well in after days when he was questioned about his passenger, who was communicative to a degree about himself and his belongings. He told of his early life and his sister, and showed the skipper Mrs. Banton's portrait. He talked of his station at Nic-Nic Gap, and the price the Government had paid him for it, and of various people who had been his neighbors there, till all on board grew quite familiar in idea with the place and its former possessor.

There was one subject he never touched upon, and that was what had happened immediately before he left Melbourne. It may be that the horrible events of that last night at Ballarat, and the certainty he felt of his nephew's guilt unnerved him even now. Anyway, he did not speak of that phase in his life's history.

In Cape Town Graham Goldburn made quite a sensation. His great wealth and his pleasant manners, and the free-handed fashion in which he spent his means made him a favorite with one and all. He stayed there some little time, but he seemed restless, and suddenly took passage to England in a sailing ship which called there on its way from Australia.

The canal, with all its advantages of no shifting of travelers and baggage, was a thing of the future at this period of our story. It was in progress. M. Lesseps had organized his mighty scheme, and forced the civilized world to believe in it. He was being laughed at and discouraged, but thousands of Egyptians were bending their backs to the toil, and scooping out the desert into a trough, as their forefathers of the old Bible days made the children of Israel toil and labor in their bondage.

The way to Australia was still around the Cape, except for those who could afford to pay for the costly overland route. And the fine ship Pelican, clipper built, and all the rest of it, from Sydney to London, had a good many passengers on board when she called at Cape Town.

Mr. Goldburn's arrival amongst them made some commotion. The very best accommodation was wanted for him, and, expense being no object, he was served with the best that could be given him. He had no servants, which was odd for so rich a traveler. But somehow or other the captain of the Pelican had picked up a lot of news about him during the short time he remained at the Cape, and informed his cabin passengers at dinner who and what their new associate was.

"An Australian squatter, did you say?" asked a lady in the deepest of widow's mourning, and with a sweet, plaintiff face, with the lines of recent sorrow upon it.

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Where from?"

"Somewhere Sydney way they say. Anyway he's sold his place, and is a sort of walking gold mine by all accounts."

"Oh, mamma, dear, if it should be our Mr. Goldburn!" said the lady's daughter, a pretty, modest-looking girl, already a general favorite on board. "Does he come from Nic-Nic Gap, do you know, Captain West?"

"That's the place, miss, and that's his name. You know him, then?"

"Oh, yes!"

"He was my poor husband's best friend," said the widow lady. "I don't know anyone I should like better to see. When he left the Gap, and jested about meeting us in England some day, I little thought how we should meet. I shan't feel so lonely when Mr. Goldburn is on board."

"I hope you haven't felt lonely hitherto, ma'am," the Captain said heartily. "I like everyone to be as comfortable as circumstances will permit on board my ship, always."

"And so we have," said the young girl hastily, fearing her mother had said something to offend. "Mamma only meant that seeing Mr. Goldburn would be a glimpse of home once more. He was such a nice neighbor, Captain West, you can't think."

"I can't think of anyone being anything but nice to you, my dear," said the Captain, passing his hand over her silky hair.

He had daughters of his own at home, and a large, kindly heart that was always wandering homeward in the midst of storms, and tempests, and rough sea-work, and planning surprises and gifts for his girls and their gentle mother.

"I'm glad you'll have an old friend with you for the rest of the voyage," he added. "It won't seem quite so dreary when you land. It's hard to go home alone, even to dear old England."

Mrs. Barwick and her daughter Lucy were alone in the world. Mr. Barwick had owned a station within riding and driving distance of Nic-Nic Gap. That is to say, it was not more than twenty miles away, and the neighbors, for such they were in the bush, had come to be very friendly. If Berner's Gully wanted any help, it was always to be had at the Gap; and if anything befel any of Graham Goldburn's hands or himself, Mr. Barwick was ready with his aid.

Since the purchase of the "Gap" station, and Graham Goldburn's departure, Mr. Barwick had died suddenly, leaving his wife and daughter as forlorn a pair of helpless women as ever breathed. Lucy, her father's darling and pride, was by no means morally helpless. She had plenty of energy and good sense, and bore up against the calamity that had befallen them like a heroine. It was well for her feeble-minded, querulous mother that she had such a daughter, or she would have mourned herself to death in the first outburst of her grief, and left Lucy to fight the battle of life alone.

They were going to England, to Mrs. Barwick's brother, the only relative they knew of, who, knowing they were well provided for—for Berner's Gulley had brought a large sum of money—had opened his arms and his heart to them, and bidden them "come home." Lucy was for settling down in Sydney. She could barely remember their arrival in Australia, and hadn't the slightest recollection of England. It would be all so strange, she pleaded; but her mother's heart yearned for her own land, and they bade Australia adieu, and sailed away in the Pelican.

Mrs. Barwick was very anxious to see her husband's old friend, and her anxiety very nearly cost her her life. She would persist in prowling about the deck, watching what was being taken on board, and scanning every face that came from the shore, getting in everybody's way, after the manner of helpless folk, till she nearly drove Lucy to her wits' end.

"Oh, suppose he shouldn't come, after all," she said piteously when the stay of the Pelican at the Cape became a matter of scarce an hour, and still no Graham Goldburn appeared. "I shall be so disappointed."

"And so shall I. Oh, mamma, look! I do believe this is him," Lucy said, disregarding her grammar in her excitement, as a boat came towards the ship with someone seated in down it with a flowing gray beard.

"Oh, I'm sure it is," Mrs. Barwick said; "I can see his beard from here;" and then, bursting into feeble sobs, she cried out: "I can't meet him here, Lucy, before any one. It brings the old times all back to me. I'll go into the cabin."

"I think you had better, mamma," her daughter replied. She had a sensible girl's horror of scenes, and Mrs. Barwick was rather fond of making them. "It won't do to fall on his neck in tears before all the crew of the Pelican."

She couldn't help her little sharp speeches sometimes, though she always repented them afterwards, for her mother was trying to a degree with her feebleness and folly. She repented of this one before it was well uttered, for her mother, hurrying away, shedding preparatory tears, with her handkerchief to her eyes, tripped over something, stumbled forward a pace or two, and fell down the cabin-stairs with a shriek and crash that brought all the crew and passengers to the spot in a minute.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DR. ANDREWS IS PUZZLED.

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. Barwick was rather seriously hurt. She had dislocated her shoulder and bruised herself all over, and had to be carried to her berth and put to bed at once. Luckily there was a medical man among the Pelican's passengers, so that the attention she needed was forthcoming and in the agitation of the accident Lucy forgot all about Mr. Graham Goldburn and the pleasure she had felt at the prospect of seeing him. Before the confusion had subsided the boat reached the side, and Mr. Goldburn stepped on board. A gentleman, evidently, the passengers thought, as he replied courteously to their greetings, but with rather a restless, troubled look in his eyes. He scanned everyone on board with an eager scrutiny, as though he were looking for familiar faces among those around him. But he knew no one. The Pelican was not conveying any Sydney folk that he recognized, or who knew him, it seemed, and it was with an air of something very like relief that he went to see after his berth and belongings. The captain apologized for his own remissness in not being the first to receive Mr. Goldburn.

"We've had a bit of an accident," he said. "Not so bad as it might have been, certainly, but alarming for all that."

Mr. Goldburn said "Indeed!" and tried to look interested.

"Nothing has happened to the ship, I hope?" he said.

"Oh, no; to one of the passengers. A lady fell down the stairs there, just as you came aboard, and is rather badly hurt, I think."

"Indeed. I am very sorry."

"So am I. She was in trouble enough, poor thing. She is a newly-made widow going home to England, and seems very forlorn. Nobody belonging to her but a daughter—a nice, pretty girl."

Again Mr. Goldburn said he was sorry, and went about his own business. He was seen no more till dinner-time, which was later that day than usual, in consequence of the preparations for departure. Graham Goldburn, as the stranger, had the post of honor, and won everyone's good opinion by the easy, pleasant way in which he talked, and his agreeable, gentlemanly manners. Certainly, for a man who had spent a third of his life in the bush, this Australian squatter was singularly refined.

Dinner was half over when the doctor entered. There was an invalid among the second-class passengers, a poor woman, whose little baby had been born in the midst of a gale, a few nights before their arrival at the Cape, and who had nearly lost her life through the fright and want of proper attendance, which it was impossible to give her. She was getting round now, but required constant care, and the doctor, who was a most kind-hearted man, never begrudged it to anyone. He was greeted with a round of questions about his patient as he took his seat, and then a lady opposite asked:

"And how is poor Mrs. Barwick?"

"She is as well as an elderly lady who indulges in such gymnastics can hope to be," he said, with a smile. "I hope nothing more than a week or two's lying up will come of it. She is suffering a good deal, of course, but there is no fever, and if we have reasonably calm weather, so that she can lie still, she will soon be all right again."

Mr. Goldburn lifted his head with a quick, peculiar glance at the doctor as he spoke, and when he had done he asked:

"Is that the lady who met with the accident?"

"Yes."

"And her name is ——"

"Barwick."

"From Sydney?"

"Somewhere near there," the Captain said. "Berner's Gully, I think, was the name of her place. By-the-way, I think she said she knew you, Mr. Goldburn—that you were neighbors. I had forgotten it in the fuss of her tumbling down in that way."

A curious look had come into Mr. Goldburn's face while the Captain spoke—a look of something very near akin to fear—and he knit his brow as if doubtful what to say in answer.

"I know Berner's Gully very well. It is close to my own place, or rather what was my place—Nic-Nic Gap; but you speak of Mrs. Barwick as a newly-made widow."

"Yes, she is."

"Dear, dear, I am sorry to hear it. I was looking over some of poor Barwick's letters only to-day, and wondering if we should ever meet again. To think he should be dead, and his widow and I going to England in the same ship."

"They were delighted at the idea, I can assure you," the Captain said. "They said they should not feel so lonely now they knew some one on board. I don't fancy they like the idea of England much."

"Pray tell them both how glad I am to be near them," Graham Goldburn said nervously. "I shall be delighted to see them when it is possible. I suppose Miss Barwick will hardly be visible to-night?"

"I think she'll hardly leave her mother," the doctor said. "Mrs. Barwick will require someone constantly with her for the next few hours. After to-night I hope all danger of inflammation will have passed, and she won't have her hands so full."

"Assure her of my earnest sympathy, and if there is anything I can do for them ——"

"Thank you, I don't think there is," the doctor answered, with an odd sort of mistrust in his mind of their new passenger.

He did not like Mr. Goldburn, and yet he could not tell why. He was very agreeable, and his inquiries were kind and natural enough, but they had a false ring in them, somehow. There was something underneath that plausible exterior that he could not make out.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MY ROYAL NEIGHBOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY OFFICER HAMPTON.

Well freighted down with "good old stock,"
From shores some thousand miles away,
There anchored once at Plymouth Rock
A staunch ship called "The Flower of May;"
Perhaps I may be wrong, but then,
If you were here and fared like me,
I think you'd wish that barque had been
A thorough wreck far out at sea.

I live in Blank street, ninety-four—
I live—but here I'll never thrive,
For ah! this grand world's cham'ion bore
Dwells just across, in ninety-five.
No "vulgar toil" her hands hath known,
And strange to her are pain and woe;
While life each day has sadder grown
For me, and comfort now is scant.

As soon as I from slumber wake
She's harping on her "royal blood;"
I weep to see the pains she'll take
To prove her rights "as clear as mud."
'Tis jarring on my choicest rhyme,
This story of her "pedigree;"
How can she deign to waste her time
With chaps of common clay—like me?

I try to "shake her off," but no!
She will not see or understand;
Small matter where I chance to go—
Like Johnny Thompson, she's "on hand;"
I scarcely know what I'm about,
And yet 'tis fun (for all but me)
To watch her spread herself and shout
On "blood" and "King George" number three.

Ah, poor King George I fain would let
Sleep on in peace as heretofore;
But he's her ancestor—you bet!
She's bound to tell it o'er and o'er;
One day her eyes grew wild and large,
Her lips dropped many an angry word,
Because I chanced to say that "George,
In his day, was a rare old bird."

His brains would in a thimble fit,
Her heart therein find room as well;
The murderous thoughts that through me flit
When she is near I dare not tell;
I'm sick of all such balderdash,
My life at best is hard and rough;
Don't blame me if I sometimes wish
That death would come and choke her off.

January, 1879.

A HERO OF THE ARENA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY CHARLES WARWICK.

"Engagement of the world-renowned artists Lavater Lee, Mr. H. C. Lee, and the wonder of the world, only seven years old, Master Eugene." So heads the Bowery bill of New-Year's eve, 1849. The plays for the evening are "Boadicea, or the Triumph of the Celtic Amazons," and the comedy of "Naval Engagements." The casts include the well-known names of John Gilbert, Mark Smith, Mary Taylor, John Winans, J. M. Scott, Harry Jordan, Miss Ann Wemyss, Mrs. C. Walcot, and a host of others who are now old men and women, or, having "fretted their hour upon the stage, are heard no more."

Dear me, how time flies! and how these old playbills set a fellow thinking! Every passing day impresses me with the fact that I am no longer young. Did you ever notice how sometimes a trifling circumstance will linger in the memory, while events of greater seeming importance may be entirely forgotten? When that bill was presented I was a mere novice on the stage, and yet every incident remains as fresh in my recollection as if it occurred but yesterday.

The main attraction of the evening came between the pieces, when Lavater Lee and his family would appear in a series of daring feats never before attempted in America. Among these perilous performances was one entitled "The Escape of Mercury." It consisted in a tremendous flying leap and somersault over twenty-four soldiers with fixed bayonets, who would discharge their muskets as he flew over them. A long, slanting spring-board was erected at the back of the stage. It was some ten feet in height at the back, about twenty feet in length, and placed on an inclined plane to the level of the stage. Taking his position on the top of the staging, with the soldiers facing each other and their bayonets locked across and pointing upward, Lavater Lee would make a wild dash clear over them, turning a complete somersault as he went and come down, as it were, on a state, facing the audience at the footlights. When it is borne in mind that in his flight over the soldiers every musket was discharged, some idea may be formed of the immense amount of nerve required in the performance.

I remember being curious enough to ask the celebrated acrobat as to how he accomplished the feat for the first time. I could imagine a man doing anything after he got used to it, but how such a feat could be performed for the first time without breaking a man's neck in the experiment was beyond my comprehension. Lee, who was quite an intelligent man, seemed pleased with the inquiry, and, as we sat waiting in the greenroom, he satisfied my curiosity with the following statement:

"A few years ago there was a party of Arab acrobats came to Astley's Amphitheatre, in London, and among the rest of their wonderful performances was this 'Escape of Mercury.' I had been brought up in the show business from a boy, but this Arab performance went a little ahead of anything I had ever seen. About the time that all London was going wild over these 'Sons of the Desert,' I arrived in town dead-broke—not a farthing in my pockets, and a wife and two children looking to me for bread. Although well known in the profession, I could find nothing to do. With the wolf at the door, as the saying is, and with a feeling akin to desperation, one night I wandered into Astley's and saw the Arabs in their performances.

"Acting on a sudden resolution to do or die, I sought an interview with the manager, and proffered my services to do everything the Arabs did, including the Escape of Mercury, which latter feat only one of their troupe had the nerve to attempt. At first my proposition was received with some degree of incredulity, but as my professional reputation was well established I finally succeeded in effecting the engagement. I was announced for the following week, and speculation ran high regarding my capacity to perform what I had undertaken. For my own part, I would not allow myself for a moment to think of failure, as on the result depended not only my professional reputation, but the very existence of those helpless ones who were so dependent on me for support. At the morning rehearsal just preceding my first appearance I was asked by the manager if the spring-board should be erected for the trial of the feat. I replied that it was not at all necessary—that it would be all right at night. I felt it in my bones that I should miss it on the first trial without the incentive of an audience before me. I could not get up the necessary steam, and, as I knew very well that I stood a good chance of breaking my neck anyhow, if I did not want to throw a chance away by running the first great risk at a rehearsal. I knew by past experience that the chances at night were in my favor, as there is a certain electric influence between the audience and the performer which enables him to accomplish things that, without its presence, would be almost impossible.

"The general public little dream of the hours trials of the poor performer who nightly perils his life for their amusement. In the vast throng I faced at Astley's that night, I question if there was one who could realize for a moment the extreme danger of the feat I had undertaken. I remember my feelings as I parted from my wife and little ones that evening after partaking of our scanty meal, my reflections as I passed over Westminster Bridge on my way to the theatre, and the utter feeling of desperation which took possession of me as I pushed my way through the throng at the doors. It was not till the performance was well advanced that my act came on. Almost mechanically I dressed myself, and, bringing all my philosophy to my aid, I put on an air of unusual cheerfulness among my brother-performers. This is a peculiarity in our business. Whatever you may *feel*, you must on no consideration show the white feather. Should you tumble from your trapeze and break your arm or your head, you must 'come up smiling,' as the ruffers say, and the dear public must never know that you are hurt. Or should you fall from your horse and sprain your back, fracture a rib or two, or dislocate an ankle, you must conceal the fact as much as possible from the audience.

"As I entered the arena and took my position on the staging, the reception I received seemed to lift me clear off my feet. If there had been fifty soldiers in front of me, I felt that I could clear them all. I felt in advance as if the act were already accomplished; and I do believe there was some mysterious influence over me that night which rendered it impossible for me to miss, even if I had tried to. With this feeling strong upon me, my cue was given, and, confidently measuring my distance, I threw myself with a wild bound into the air, turning a somersault as I went. Bang went the muskets—crash went the orchestra. There was a stunning whirl—a desperate, devilish feeling which I cannot describe—and down I came, successfully accomplishing a feat which had never before been attemped by an Englishman. It seems strange even to myself that in the hundreds of times I have gone through that act I have never received the slightest hurt. It seems almost as if I had a special license to perform it, and I often wonder that other people in the business quite as smart as I am cannot perform it as well."

This feeling of security—a sort of reliance on the goodness of Divine Providence in times of peril—is not confined altogether to the equestrian and acrobatic professions. It is a saying among the old school in the dramatic line: "Cherish hope and trust to fortune." This short and beautiful sentence used to be impressed upon the memory of every young stager in case of a stick. Should your memory prove treacherous in regard to an exit, a music-cue or the tag of a piece, the above little sentiment was found to be of almost universal application, and would generally pull you through a verbal difficulty when the text of the author was not forthcoming. There are positions, however, when the sentiment is not always to be trusted; and, as a case in point, I call to mind another hero of the arena.

Some years ago, when Forbes was manager of the Savannah Theatre, he made great preparations in getting up the spectacle of "Mazeppa." Forbes himself was to personate the hero. Scenery had been expressly painted, new dresses made, and everything done to insure the success of the piece. There was a mystery, however, in regard to the horse—the fiery, untamed steed. Nobody had ever seen him, even up to the last rehearsal. "And still the wonder grew" until the shades of night set in. Just previous to the performance, and while the company were dressing, a mysterious charger was quietly led in at the back door of the theatre. In the hurry and excitement of a first-night no one took notice of him as he stood quietly munching his oats at the back of the stage.

Things went smoothly enough until the order was given: "Bring forth the fiery and untamed steed!" With considerable difficulty the order was executed, the "gallant gray" being induced to make his first appearance by the vigorous application of a huge "black snake," laid on by Bob, a stout colored boy who had the animal in charge. Both Bob and his equine amateur belonged to a grocer at the back of the theatre, and both were as well known in Savannah as the town pump. It turned out that Forbes had been having rehearsals on the sly while the company were away from the theatre, and he seemed to entertain no doubt whatever as to the beast's ability to carry out all the requirements of the bill.

Now, in spite of his Polish uniform and a liberal attempt at whitewash, Bob was immediately recognized by his colored friends in the gallery, and shouts of approval and encouragement greeted the sable actor as he finally brought his gallant charger into the required position. After considerable delay the stalwart form of the ventursome manager was securely fastened to the animal's back, and, notwithstanding the most vigorous application of the black snake, he deliberately walked up the runs as if he had been dragging a ton of coal. In the second act he as deliberately walked down again, and the piece ended amid the marked disapproval and derisive merriment of the audience.

The next day the papers came out heavily on Forbes and on "the fiery and untamed." One suggested oats and another stronger, and there was no end of guying about the "Grand Equestrian Drama." Forbes himself never lost confidence in the animal.

"He knew it was in him," he said, "and to-night he'd show 'em, if they would only give him a fair chance."

Sure enough, the perilous ascent was made much better the second night; but after going up the runs the eccentric beast made up his mind not to come down again if he could possibly help it. There was a long wait in the second act, during which Bob might have been heard in angry expostulation with the stubborn charger in the flies, and whacking away with his black-snake like a steam threshing-machine. The steed kept prancing all over the palace in the gallery, rearing and plunging in such a manner as to seriously threaten the sudden caving-in of the whole concern, to say nothing of poor Forbes, who was in momentary danger of falling and being crushed on the stage below. All at once there was an ominous silence, and it became evident that Bob with his black-snake had got the better of the brute, and was persuading him to come down; for presently he was heard to shout:

"Hang on tight, Massa Forbes! Now I got him started! Woa, dah, ole wall-eye! Look out for yuself, for I am arter ye, you ugly, mule-headed sinner!"

And presently the placid animal put in his appearance at the top of the run, with Bob behind him, laying on the gad and swearing like a trooper, despite the frantic expostulations of the helpless Mazeppa. Down came the steed at a gentle amble, followed by Bob in a perfect lather of perspiration; but the "fiery and untamed" kept the even tenor of his way as if he were going the rounds of his grocery route, or on his way to a neighbor's funeral.

This was the last representation of "Mazeppa" under Forbes' management. It was a long time before he heard the last of it, and nothing could give him greater offense than to make the most remote allusion to Mazeppa and the "fiery, untamed steed."

THE GARRETTA FAMILY.

SIGNOR ED. MONTA, LITTLE VALENTINE, YOUNG APOLLO, MLLE. EUGENIA GARRETTA.

THE GARRETTAS.

Upon reference to our files, we find that during the week ending May 3, 1873, a company was performing in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, which had come thither from San Francisco, Cal. Among their number were "The California Athletes," Signor Ed. Monta, an aerial gymnast, and Mlle. Eugenia Garretta, juggler and revolving-globe performer. They next performed in Cheyenne, W. T., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., and, having met with success, offers of engagements from the principal variety theatres in this country poured in upon them. They continued to perform here until 1876, and during one of the last engagements they fulfilled in this country in the Metropolitan Theatre, Newark, N. J., ending June 3, the midgets Young Apollo and Little Valentine performed with them, doing acrobatic feats, and Apollo gave feats upon the trapeze. On June 15 they sailed in the steamship Illinois from Philadelphia, Pa., for England, and shortly after their arrival they secured engagements in the principal music-halls of London. During the latter part of September they went to Paris, France, where they opened in the Concert des Fantaisie Oct. 1. Since then they have performed successfully in the chief cities on the continent of Europe. In Oct., 1878, they were playing in Christiana, Norway. Although the names assumed for professional purposes by them would indicate that they were of foreign birth, such is not the fact, they being Americans. It may be worthy of mention at this time that during their engagement in Christiana, Norway, the entire company playing at the Tivoli Theatre there was composed of Americans, the others being Mr. Carlo, Goodrich and Cards, Miss Theresa, Irma and Little Bert, and John Holtum.

SIR DAVID DUNDAS, who, after Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield's father, was the greatest statesman who has lived in these latter days, says that the three works save, of course, the Bible, which have gone through the greater number of editions, were "de Imatatione Christi," commonly attributed to St. Thomas a Kempis. "The Pilgrim's Progress" of John Bunyan, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

A REMARKABLE LEGACY was that bequeathed by Capt. Philip Thicknesse, in his will bearing July 24, 1788: "I leave my right hand, to be cut off after death to my son, Lewis Gaudet, and I desire it may be sent him, in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God, after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father who once affectionately loved him."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

RICHMOND, VA.—Poker is a game of show, so long as there is any dispute as to which is the winning hand. A player cannot resign a pot by acknowledging himself beaten, and then demand the right to show that he held the winning cards, any more than a ball-club or a billiard-player, for example, can throw up a game and then come back and demand that he be allowed to play it out. Among good poker players, a man who is "called" says nothing, but spreads out his cards, and then the caller does the same. Among such players poker is indeed a "showgame." There is no penalty for a man who is caller or called saying anything. If he holds three kings, and yet says that the two aces shown beat him, he is either mistaken as to his own hand—has seen but two kings—or he lies. It is a rule of poker that "mistakes go;" and, as to untruths, in the Ten Commandments there is something that since Moses' time has permeated everywhere and everything, even a poker-deck.

D. D., Boston.—1. We are playing a four-ball game of billiards. A plays and counts, and, at the same time, jumps his ball off the table. B then plays, and leaves the three balls inside the string. Has A the right to play on one of the balls in the string directly, and thereby forfeit his turn, or must he first play his ball outside the string?.....1. A can play directly upon one of the balls inside of the "string," if B will permit him; but, even if he is permitted to so play, A can make no counting stroke, unless through a further concession on B's part. 2. A can play his ball outside of the "string" if he chooses, and B cannot object to his so doing. Whether A could thus score a counting stroke is a question. Neither of the two questions you have asked do not, in all probability, cover the point you aim to reach. Were it our privilege to guess, we should say that your intention was to ask: How shall A make a valid counting stroke?

GRINALDI.—1. B must "head" the trick in any game. In some contests, it would not suffice to merely head the trick. If A led the nine, and B had jack and ace, he would have to "head" with his ace, instead of with jack. 2. We have heard of none; and if there has been, what of it? Any other five or six players could call themselves a "congress" and make equally valid rules for the same game. Many a Tom, Dick or Harry is continually publishing books on cards. The object of this is not to make card-playing uniform, but to sell books.

LEMOYNE, Fremont.—A bets B that Sheesen's score of 461 will be beat in this tournament. Does Schaefer's run of 448, Jan. 26, decide the bet?".....It has no bearing on the bet. In fact, Schaefer made no run of 448. As he had no opponent after 311, there was no one to challenge his score, which might have been fair or foul. Foul shots would not necessarily terminate the run, provided they were not claimed, but they would at least have to be made in a game; and Schaefer's extra 137, which were presumptively fair, were made outside of a game.

A. J., Patterson.—1. It will answer. 2. You must write all others who have offered engagements, explaining matters. 3. You must write that you accept date. 4. Most performers are idle at short intervals, and for a long term in the theatres. 5. You must furnish your own orchestral parts for your acts, the cost of which varies so much that we cannot give you a correct idea of it. 6. At all first-class theatres salaries are promptly paid. 7. $1.10 an inch, single column measure.

H. A.—We make no charge for such matters. Please send your address to this office, that the money you inclosed may be returned. 1. Chartered Charters. The social meetings of matrimonial ladies should be as sacred as those of non-professionals. 2. William Courtright played for some time with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, in this city, and is now with them. Canary and Lee Dillon, 3. Kelly & Leon's Minstrels are now performing in Australia.

M. O. G., Worcester.—It is not necessary that a man shall have been born in the United States, so far as concerns his eligibility to the office of President. But when you ask: "Is a man who is President have been born in the United States?" we answer—Yes; for in our opinion no man not so born could get votes enough to elect him, even if any party would risk defeat by "running" him.

HT. EY.—1. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. 2 No; Geo. Seward was a sprint-runner, and has the fastest time for 100yds., 220yds. and 440yds. Perkins is a professional, and his times from one mile to twenty-two are the best recorded. The others named are amateurs. 4. We do not keep record of the fastest performances of all pedestrians.

F. R. L., Philadelphia.—1. We cannot spare the space to reprint all the lists of the various companies that have come hither with Lydia Thompson. 2. "London Assurance" is the only play of those named that is worth reading, and for sale. 3. He performed in this city many weeks without being interfered with. 4. Have not that English jockey's biography.

W. S., Plymouth.—How is it to be decided whether, at the time the bet was made, France had 1,800,000 men on her army roll, which would make you win, or 1,799,999, which would make you lose? There are some bets that do not require to be made in writing, but this is not one of the ones who are asked to decide—should not have been made, and this is one of them.

G. B. E., Plymouth.—1. Two ropewalkers pass each other on a single rope, each extending each other with their arms while they step by. 2. Knife-throwers sometimes grasp the knives by their handles, and at other times by their blades. 3. Knives made expressly for the purpose are used.

J. E. I., Minneapolis.—W. R. Blake never played in "The Porter's Knot" in Wallack's Old Theatre, on Broadway, near Broome street. That drama was first acted in this city in Wallack's Theatre (Broadway and Thirteenth street) April 6, 1866, and Mr. Blake died in Boston, Mass., April 22, 1863.

J. S., Philadelphia.—1. Thank you for the bill, but it would be unwise to publish it while the house is under a cloud, and the performers' movements are so carefully watched. 2. Then you have had the pleasure of seeing its growth from infancy to its present gigantic proportions. Some baby!

R. R. P. P., Boston.—1. Jas. H. McLaughlin stands 6ft. 1in. in height, and in condition weighs about 210lb. 2. Patsy Sheppard fought Con Riordan. Bill Adams, Joe Mills, R. Jones, Mike Coburn and Jim Murphy in the ring. 3 Donnelly and Cooper fought near Curragh Kildare, Ireland, Dec. 13, 1815.

J. M., Dunkirk.—The rule is that, if the player who asks him has either raised his cards or made a bet, the dealer need not tell how many cards he himself has drawn. The reply is not solely controlled by the fact of betting, but by the betting, and you never "saw it that way in THE CLIPPER."

C. O. I. JR., Winnipeg.—1. There was no special award of merit given. Medals to commemorate the event were presented to each, and were performed receiving them. The French Band has generally been credited with the highest marks of excellence. 2. Tom Sayers the pugilist was never in America.

J. S., Quebec.—High, low, jack and game in this order, and then whichever of the innovations counts the most. It don is worth more than sancho, it counts before it. The card that is don in one place is sometimes sancho in another; and you have not named the card that you play for don or for sancho.

IRISH HERERW.—1. Straights have no value at all unless it is agreed upon to play them, and then it is time to ascertain whether they shall beat but two-pair, as is generally the case, or three-of-a-kind, as is often times the case. 2. It is a matter of opinion "who is the best negro comedian on the variety stage."

T. F., Jersey City.—Please state one of the lines of business you name range from $15 per week upwards, according to merit and reputation and length of engagement. 2. There is no reliable work of that kind published. 4. Louisville.

J. C. C., Philadelphia.—E. D. Davies made his American debut Oct. 23, 1871, in the St. James Theatre (upon the site of the present Fifth-avenue Theatre, in Twenty-eighth street), this city, under the management of McDonough & Earnshaw.

W. S., Haverhill.—That is not the way to play cassino. There can, however, be no objection to playing it in that or in any other way, if all hands agree to do it. In this case one man objected, which suggests that there was no general agreement.

CORINTHIAN.—1. Tom Sayers was the lightest-weighted man who was ever champion of England. 2. Mace. 3. Frenchy Johnson defeated Courtney in a race at the Lake, Holland, Long Island, Jan. 1, 1878. 4. That is a matter which must be agreed upon by the parties concerned.

JENNY LIND.—We have no record of the prices paid for the first five tickets to Jenny Lind's first concerts in this city and Boston. The first choice at Boston here was bought by the late John N. Genin for $225, and the first choice in Boston by the late Gesian E. Dodge for $625.

RUBE JONES, Baltimore.—1. Never won a fight. 2. It is optional with the opponent, who can beg again or take the deal himself. 3. Anybody can insist upon the cards being shuffled to prevent "stacking," and then the dealer can shuffle them again. The dealer always shuffles last.

JAMES KERR, Buffalo.—He was never engaged in a prize-fight, nor was he ever known in connection with P. R. matters in England. He is celebrated as a putter-up of nearly dumb-bells and a weight-lifter, and for years has been a saloon-keeper in this city.

SHERBROOKER.—The game being regular euchre, as you state, you count two. You could not go alone against him and score any more than if you had selected your partner along with you. There can be but one lone hand at regular euchre.

G. W. B., Providence.—Heenan fought Sayers in April, 1860, returned to New York in July following, left again for England March 22, 1862, and fought King Dec. 10, 1863. Heenan made three trips to England.

ARDENT ADMIRER, New Orleans.—Born in London, Eng. Came to America in his early child. Made first appearance on the stage as a child Feb. 23, 1857, in the Chambers-street Theatre, this city. Not married.

PORK VIEW.—There has, we believe, been no Crystal in Grand street since 1872, if that period covers four query. It has been in the Bowery, near Grand, until lately; in olden times it was in Grand street, upper side.

MISS J. W.—No answers by mail. Your letter addressed to him, stating his business on the envelope, in care of this office, will reach him. We keep no record of the residence of professionals.

F. S. SPROUT, Washington.—1. We think not. 2. Any support received by the pedestrian while on the track bars the performance as a record. 3. No genuine challenge has been issued by anyone to Madame Anderson.

J. P., Denver.—1. There was no mistake, and A wins. Time made in races run from a flying start (except on the trotting turf) does not go on record. 2. Four points, at "railroad euchre."

W. A. D., Richmond.—The money above C's "sight" is between A and B. C could win but two dollars from each of them. The higher hand between A and B takes the remainder.

J. P., Girardville.—No. Had you known that there is nearly fifty pounds difference between the weights of the two men, you would scarcely have asked such a question.

H. W. H., Milwaukee.—Because your information is incorrect. Give only the arrivals on the Monday preceding the day you write, and the departures the Saturday after, as well as those billed for the following Monday.

J. T., Haverhill.—1. It is a mere matter of opinion, and we do not care to publicly express ours. 2. We know of none. 3. His whereabouts are unknown. 4. There is no serious attempt to keep a record of pacing horses.

CARD, Albany.—Cassino.—There is no precedence about points at cassino. The way to play it is to call out as soon as a player makes points enough to put himself out. "First call, first out."

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T. H., Kansas City.—1. Billy Edwards came to America in May, 1865, and for some time worked at his trade, boilermaking.

M. N., Providence.—See notice at head of dramatic summary in this issue. Send a sample letter or two before March 5.

T. PARSONS, Utica.—Billy Edwards came to America in May, 1865, and for some time worked at his trade, boilermaking.

M. N., Providence.—See notice at head of dramatic summary in this issue. Send a sample letter or two before March 5.

W. F. T., Spencer.—They played during the season of 1876-7 in this city in the Theatre Comique, of which they were the lessees.

FRENCHY, Penn.—1. She has married, retired from the profession, and is residing in New Haven, Ct. 2. No. 3. Living in retirement in this city.

A. K., Philadelphia.—She was never a member of Colville's Folly Troupe. This season she is a member of John T. Ford's company.

H. W. M., Bradford.—Either watch our variety summary or address letters to them in care of this office. They were performing in the West a few weeks ago.

JOHN MCELRAN, Kingston.—The only work of the kind published is "American Fistiana," which you can buy from Ed. James, as per advertised address, for 50cts.

J. C. H., Evansville.—No answers by mail. There is no work published detailing the duties of advance agents, business-managers, press-agents and programmers.

SUBSCRIBER, San Francisco.—It is in a great measure a matter of opinion who is the best ballplayer, the best minstrel, etc., and we prefer not to decide such questions.

J. W. S., Syracuse.—Watch our dramatic summary. They are now playing in Florida, in the towns on the St. John River.

H. F. M., Indianapolis.—No answers by mail. 1. See Eaves' advertisement. 2. W. J. Judd, 131 Henry street, this city, can furnish you with juggling apparatus.

J. G., Wheeling.—No answers by mail. A list of excuses, their managers, etc., will be published in THE CLIPPER about next April.

NO SIGNATURE, Newberry.—First-class gymnasts and acrobatic command from $60 to $100 per week, according to merit, reputation and length of engagement.

PERSONAL, Indianapolis.—Our correspondent in your city is a well-known journalist. THE CLIPPER never solicits advertisements.

DECKER.—"Waiting for a Five-cent Train," "The Social Game of Poker," "Looking for a Date," "'Neath the Willow She Lies Dreaming."

D. O. Several acrobatic performers do not cover the arms, and others do. It depends upon the nature of the performance.

W. W. J.—Slosson has made the largest average on record. It was so stated in THE CLIPPER'S billiard reports last week.

CINCINNATI GYMNASIUM.—The only figures obtainable are those of the principal ports of entry, which, as a number arrive by other ways, are incomplete, and A wins.

G. O., Albion.—As you state the case, R. wins. He *bet* that he would throw 19; and in throwing 20 or more he had necessarily to throw 19.

MOWER AND REAPER, Brooklyn Falls.—Were we to devote our attention to matters like that, we should have little time for topics of more importance to our readers.

J. G. F., Pittsfield.—See some manager personally, state your wishes, and solicit an engagement to play utility. Salary ranges from $6 to $30 per week.

F. J. MERTZ, Leesburg.—The only information we have upon the subject will be found in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. No answers by mail.

CORTLANDT HALSEY, Brooklyn.—Ed. James, whose address find in advertisement, will send you a copy for 25 cents.

IRR, Buffalo.—There are no reliable records of time made by jog-trotters, but a mile has been reported to have been made inside of one minute.

R. E.—No answers by mail. The late G. L. Fox last acted Humpty Dumpty in the Olympic Theatre, this city, June 7, 1873.

A READER.—We cannot say, but think it very likely. We never knew of a player without an error charged during an entire season.

A CONSTANT READER, Rockville.—That is a question that never has been decided satisfactorily, and isn't likely to be.

O. MCK., Lafayette.—Thanks; but we do not make arrangements with gentlemen corresponding with other amusement journals.

E. E. EYLER, Allegheny.—1. It means the number of circuits of a track required to make a mile. 2. It is good time. The best on record is 6m. 22s. 5. No.

K., Chicago.—Of course A can give B out. Would you have him lose the game himself in order to save C, who is your man?

T. S. G.—Neither. The player who first made enough to put him out should have called out and claimed the game before the other made enough to put himself out, also.

NATHAN, Monjee.—As we decide it, A won, according to the diagram. That is a barroom game, without any fixed way of playing it.

A. D. M., Brooklyn.—We have no time to make the search this week, and would prefer not to enter upon it at all, unless the matter is of great importance.

JOHN MCCABE.—The American News Co., 39 and 41 Chambers street, this city, can supply you.

U. S. C. CLUB, Phila.—THE AT MANAC is not given to subscribers.

JAMES FEE.—The latter date should have read Nov. 17, instead of Nov. 1.

SPORTLAND, Binghamton.—Inquire of Don Stone, whose address find in advertisement.

GEO. MERTZ, Pittsburg.—See chronology in CLIPPER ALMANAC. Oct. 3 was the date.

MORTON, Collyer and Aaron fought at Pohick Landing, Va., in 1856, and at Aquia Creek, Va., in 1857.

G. S. K.—Cal Wagner made his first appearance in public in Lodi in Syracuse, N. Y. Bob Hart is living.

A. D. M. R.—It is ascertained it the week after. Thank you for calling our attention to the omission.

A. J. MCLHOLLAND.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for fast times, etc.

J. O'L., Savannah.—Address him in care of this office, stating his line of business on envelope.

J. D. MC.—1. Rudolphe and Cook's match was at the three-ball carom game. 2. Rudolphe won it.

STICK LEG, Mitchellville.—D cannot play alone against A, and that disposes of all the questions.

J. H. B., Evansville.—Whichever of the two counts the more.

POOL, Washington.—B wins A can never get 61, as he has a mark.

MOSS HALLS, Altoona.—Address Jesse Haney & Co., 119 Nassau street, New York.

READER, Cleveland.—Don't know, unless brass-founders do it.

GIG, Albany.—Write to him, and he will probably permit the leader of his orchestra to sell you a copy.

U. S., Fort Clarke.—1. In 7, 5, 6, there is a run of three. 2. When the last card makes fifteen, it counts three.

W. F., Harlem.—The ten, jack, queen and king of clubs, with the ace of clubs turned up, count ten.

F. J. KANTER, Boston.—No such tournament has been advertised. Address Daniel O'Leary, in care of this office.

S. P. CLUB, Reynolds Bridge.—The horse can have but one start.

TOBACCO, Washington.—The Lorillards are among the largest.

T. PARSONS, Utica.—Billy Edwards came to this country in the early part of 1865.

GILBERT.—Several persons claimed to have performed the feat.

C. D. L.—Ellis Ward beat John Biglin in a race for $100 at Sergeu Point, N. J., Aug. 10, 1870.

H. J., Hominahe.—[Jan give no opinion as to the responsibility of any of them.

M. B., Newark.—We are not "posted" in the lottery business.

CLIPPER READER, Canton.—He has been married more than six years.

TROY.—Daniel O'Leary was born at Clonakilty, near Cork, Ireland; Johnny Dwyer at Ballyjohns, N. S. W.; Ned Bank.—The decision of the referee, or judges, is final.

WALLACE, Philadelphia.—We believe not. Address Harry Lindley, comedian, in care of this office.

A. Buffalo.—1. In 1871. 2. Any New York publishing house.

DERBY.—Cannot yet give a correct list of the players engaged.

WM. RAMSEY.—De Witt's and also Spalding's Baseball Guide will be published in March next.

J. B., Troy.—Cannot say until the League rules are out We think they can only vote.

OHIO WALKER.—The Australians did not play the Sheffield Club, but they defeated an eleven of all Yorkshire.

NO SIGNATURE, Madison.—The answer related to a party desiring to adopt a nom de plume.

J. B. F., Mechanicsburg.—No. 111 Fulton street, New York.

E. N. S., Haverhill.—We believe it has gone out of existence.

J. F., Sharon.—Sayers never fought Sam Hurst, who first appeared in the P. R. after Sayers' retirement.

J. W., La Salle.—You must fight the slut or forfeit the stakes.

BOXER.—A man who spars for money, or with a professional for a prize of any kind, is not an amateur.

W. B. CAMPBELL, Brooklyn.—Your latest offering is not so good as your "game of life" specimen.

EUCHRE, Chicago.—The highest euchre-card, which is jack.

BOB.—A will lose unless he has more money in his pocket than B has in his.

J. H. S., East Liverpool.—An "assisted" player must be assisted in fact. He cannot play alone.

ROCKET, Williamantic.—1. It would take too long to explain. 2. The name of the counties is.

C. F. M.—We take no cognizance of double, treble or quadruple pinochle.

T. F. D., Buffalo.—What he gives A—four dollars and the boots.

G. P. K., Sherman.—Cannot recommend any preparation.

W. E. L., Cincinnati.—She has played in "Fanchon."

CONSTANT READER, Woburn.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

W. H., Brooklyn.—We never heard of that expedition.

H. C., Manchester.—See article in CLIPPER of Jan. 25.

G. W. LANDIS, Phila.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. F. P., Indiana.—We are not under the impression.

H. A. F., Trenton.—We already have a record of it.

VARIETY.—She has retired from the profession.

J. H. D.—The highest euchre card—jack.

HAYCOCK.—1. Don't know. 2. Don't know.

C. E. A.—Inquire at some music store.

W. W. FESSLER.—Sent it as requested.

M. W., Cleveland.—C cannot do it.

ROBERT.—Have not got a print.

FARO, Haverhill.—B is wrong.

DRAMATICUS.—We have not.

H. W.—No. B was too late.

H. M. G.—We do not know.

BILLY FOX.—No letters.

IN CONFIDENCE.—We have a good point for the funny writers—it is this: One day last week a new president of the republic of France was chosen, a gentleman by the name of Grevy—G-r-e, Gre; v-y, vy, Grevy. Now, there isn't much in that name, we admit; but by a little circumlocution, twisting and the exercise of a modicum of the rich nasal twang of the French, what was Grevy very readily is converted into Gravy—G-r-a, Gra; v-y, vy; Gravy. Just see what a rich field is here spread out for the fundamental tillers of the soil! and no copyright to prevent the paragrapher from going in deep. Up to this writing not one of the gang has dropped on this bonanza, not a single allusion has been made to the rich find. Whenever we discover anything particularly beautiful, though mysterious in its teachings, we invariably give it away in the interests of our comical contemporaries; and so, as Mr. P. Henry once very quaintly remarked, "Let them make the most of it." G-r-a, gra, v-y, vy; *Gravy*. Make no mistake. And here we would add that a new U. S. Senator passed in his credentials at Washington on Jan. 31. *His* name is *Vest!* Another glorious opportunity, as "Pull down your Vest," etc. Nor has anyone tumbled to this, as yet. Get your work in soon, boys—it's a good in-*Vest*-ment! See?

WE are having a real lively walk-around in the city at present. Belden the Milwaukeeite works like a hired man; and Miss Bartel has been laboring diligently in her new walk in life. Both of them have been watched with muscular devotion by crowds of the bone and sinew, who, while admiring the noble pedestrian efforts of others, never walk themselves. Another cashier of a savings-bank took a walk the other day, and it is thought that he must have perished in a snow-drift, as nothing has been heard from him since he started. There is a perfect mania on the subject of walking. It is killing business on the elevated and surface railroads, and keepers of livery-stables are selling off their live-stock at distressingly low prices. A committee of citizens waited on "Our Jim" a few days ago, and offered him extraordinary inducements to attempt the feat of walking half a mile in each hour for three successive hours. The Jim boy's reply was characteristic: "*I'm not onto it;* when *I* walk, I go on a five-cent train." Young ladies get up in the middle of the night and walk—off! It is impossible to say where or when this walking business will end.

A CRUELTY SOCIETY had a set-back in a Philadelphia Court on the 20th of January, when they sought to separate the Leons, father and son, and punish the former for permitting the boy to perform acrobatic feats in public; but the jury acquitted the father, and great was the rejoicing of the small boy. Score one for the youthful acrobat.

A NEW MAGAZINE called *Time* is to appear in London in April, under the editorial control of Edmund Yates. If it is to be devoted to the interest of the Prize Ring, the fact has not yet been disclosed.

A "LADIES' WALKING CLUB" has been formed in this city. Now, if we can *keep* these ladies walking, instead of talking, just think of the gossip and scandal that may be prevented.

WE ARE informed that fifteen hundred persons signed the temperance pledge in Gettysburg, Pa., in four weeks. The liquors used down there must be very destructive to cause such a change.

BISMARCK has been sent a copy of THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, so that he may know how to plan it a little better the next time he brings forward his "forcing bill."

THE HEATHEN CHINEE must begin to realise the fact that he *isn't* "allee samee Mellican man" or "any other man."

WE HEAR a good deal about "Lo! the poor Indian," but very little concerning "Hi! the game 'un!"

IN THE dressing-room of a theatre there is not much dressing room.

CURLING AT ST. JOHN, N. B.—On Jan. 20 the match between the All Comers and the St. John County players of the St. Andrews Club was decided, as below:

ALL COMERS.		ST. JOHN COUNTY.	
John White, skip	10	W. H. Purdy, skip	15
S. Jones, skip	15	Wm. Sadler, skip	22
W. C. Watson, skip	15	Henry Mellick, skip	13
C. Y. Gregory, Skip	20	G. E. McLaughlin, skip	9
Total	61	Total	59

A COCKING MAIN took place at Schenectady, N. Y., Jan. between Amsterdam and Gloversville. The stakes were $100 on the main and $30 each battle, to show up sixes a side. Amsterdam was victorious, winning seven to Gloversville's four. Lighted bard, 4lb 3oz., Amsterdam; heaviest, 5lb 12oz., Gloversville.

A MAIN OF COCKS was fought at Hudson, N. Y., Jan. 30, between birds representing Stockbridge, Mass., and Hudson, the former party winning three fights out of the five constituting the main, which was for $200, $20 each battle. A single match made afterwards was won by Hudson.

"JANE'S DAUGHTER," and other stories, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc., a collection some very entertaining reading in a little volume published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; and all for twenty-five cents.

HARRY JENNINGS and TOM TUCHAN sailed from this port for New Orleans, La., by the Crescent line, Feb. 1, taking with them twenty-one fighting canines, with which they expect to have much "sport" in the Crescent City and other places.

BRITISH GAME.—Mr. Firyan expects to open his new room in one of the buildings formerly occupied by the American News Co., about Feb. 16.....Edward Bryan, who had been in this city for nearly a month past, was to have returned to Providence, R. I., on Feb. 1.....A new room, containing fourteen of H. W. Collender's tables, was opened in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Feb. 1, by Messrs. Newcomb & Wiegins. The latter has for many years been widely known through his connection with billiards from a setter-up of tables to a repairer and modest maker.....Frank B. Adams, after a week at the Coliseum, Detroit, and another at Shelby's, Detroit, is now fulfilling an engagement at the Academy of Music, Pittsburg. He has made his system of dictation a feature in popular amusements, as well as of the billiard-table on which it originated.....Gershom B. Weber, Esq., of Cincinnati, O., last week, saw one game of the tournament, formed an opinion as to how the balls rolled therein, expressed a part of it and took the remainder back with him to the banks of Hog River.

.....On Feb. 13, at the O'Connors' Union-square Rooms, Albert Lambert is to play Sam F. Knight the best in forty-one games at fifteen-ball pool, for an announced stake of $200.....Tom Foley's room in the Windsor Hotel, Chicago, was last week to have changed owners. If the negotiations were successful, it is likely that Tom will secure a new location.....In St. John, N. B., on Jan. 29, Robert Robertson of that city and Henry F. Shiel of Portland, Me., played the first of three games for $50 a side, Robertson won by 500 to 348, his best run being 47, while Shiel's was 35. The winner's average was 11.16-44; but a 4x12 table was used. The second game was played on the 30th, on a 5x10 table, necessary skill won it by 500 to 434, average 7.42-50, suggesting that a foot difference in the size of the table is a serious matter. The best runs were 60 and 31 respectively for winner and loser. The carom (four-ball game) were counted in ones.....Whether he wins three prize or not, Slosson is determined to locate once again in Gotham. There is a probability that he will open a room on Sixth avenue, near Booth's Theatre.....Nell Brynan is to be considered in compliments to be paid at the Academy of Music, this city, on the afternoon of Friday, Feb. 21.....Judging from the way in which the programme has been made out for this week, it is the intention to carry the tournament into the fourth week. The games of Feb. 4 are Sexton and Rudolphe in the afternoon, and Rudolphe and Daly at night; for Feb. 5, Slosson vs. Gallagher in the afternoon, and Sexton and Schaefer at night; Thursday night, Garnier vs. Rudolphe; and Friday night, Slosson vs. Schaefer. No provision having been made this week for the tie or ties that must result, it follows that another week is to be completed. That game for Thursday night—Garnier vs. Rudolphe—is of so little moment that it could be dispensed with altogether, as neither man can win anything. A better game for Thursday night would be Slosson vs. Gallagher, or Schaefer vs. Gallagher; and Gallagher more than Garnier or Rudolphe. Indeed, all the games this week are dull, except that so far fixed for Friday night.....Rudolphe and Gallagher entered into a theological discussion on Sunday last. Much was said on both sides, but the question remains unsettled.

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A NOVEL IDEA—the proposed International copyright law.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.

Whatever may be the result of the billiard tournament now in progress in this city, it will, we apprehend, be productive of good in one respect at least. And that is, it will tend to reawaken public interest in a game which should never have been permitted to lose its popularity. It is a fact beyond dispute that billiards in this country have, within a few years, lost the prestige which they long enjoyed. It would be a tedious and perhaps an idle task to undertake to explain why this is so. Certainly there has been no step backward in the manufacture of billiard implements, nor has the hand of the expert lost its cunning. The player of to-day is certainly the peer of his predecessor, while the facilities at his command are greater than were ever before afforded. Not even the hard times can se brought forward as a satisfactory key to the enigma, because the decay of billiards antedates the hard times. The most that can be said in the way of explaining the riddle is that the game has gone out of fashion.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the distinctively American game of billiards was ever abolished. The present generation of players has come to look upon a pocket-table, except for the purposes of pool, as a relic of an unprogressive past. And yet these players should remember that some very skillful work was done by the giants of old on a pocket-table. When the difference between a bed twelve feet long and a bed ten feet long is taken into consideration, it may be doubted whether the expert of to-day would be able to improve much on the achievements of his earlier rivals. The tendency of late years has been steadily towards a reduction in the size of tables, as well as very marked improvement in their construction. As a natural result, the game is made easier. Owing to reasons that need not here be recounted, the game of three-ball caroms has come to be the test applied to American players; and yet it cannot be said that the three-ball game is the one generally played in this country. There is nothing paradoxical in this statement. The beginner at billiards, as well as a majority of all who take up the cue for amusement simply, play a mongrel game, which is neither French, English nor American. That is, they play with four balls on a table without pockets, and they count one for each shot, as in the French game. We repeat that it is perhaps a matter for regret that this game has usurped the place of the old-time American billiards. However, we are by no means disposed to attribute the loss of the game's popularity to any change in its form. The quickness with which our expert players mastered the French game shows pretty conclusively that they are at least the equals of their European rivals; and it is a noteworthy fact that both the largest run and the highest average in the game of French caroms stand accredited to an American player.

In considering the causes which have combined to quench public interest in billiards, some importance is to be attached to the fact that of late years many tables have found their way into club-rooms and private families. Of course this tends, in a measure, to draw away patrons from the regular billiard resorts; but we do not apprehend that the number thus deterred from playing in public rooms is very large. To begin with, a billiard-table is an expensive luxury, which only the well-to-do can afford, and which only the really rich are apt to indulge in; and, in the next place, where a player attains to considerable proficiency through private practice, he is pretty certain to air his skill in the comparative publicity of a billiard resort. Undoubtedly, the manufacturers have furnished a large number of tables for private use within the past six or seven years, but they may rest assured that in so doing they have not worked to the detriment of public rooms. As to the strictures which were wont to be passed upon billiards by those sincere but Puritanic bigots, whose strongest weapon in argument was a profound ignorance of what they were talking about—those strictures, we are glad to record, have long since ceased to injure either the game or its patrons. No man of ordinary intelligence who knows enough of billiards to keep count of the game could ever be persuaded or threatened into the belief that there is the remotest connection between immorality and the ivory balls. It calls for no enthusiast to appreciate the beauties of a game which combines, in a rare degree, all those features which are separately enough to recommend other pastimes. The true eye which can measure angles with mathematical accuracy; the steady hand which can strike with unerring precision; the delicate touch which can properly gauge the force of every blow; the unshaken nerve which must never falter; even the far-sighted calculations which give to chêss its mental pre-eminence—all these are requisite in the game of billiards. There is a chance—a necessity, indeed—for something more than physical skill on the green cloth. The brain as well as the hand plays the game. It stands on a level far above any mere game of chance, while it affords an amount of wholesome recreation which should commend it to all classes. Whatever prejudice may have existed against the game in the past, the more liberal spirit of the present day has dissipated. Dr. McCosh of Princeton College, the Rev. W. H. H. Murray of Boston, and the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira are among those who have openly advocated billiard-playing. Nor is it an expensive means of recreation. The prices current in most of the billiard-rooms of the country are exceedingly moderate—much below the standard which prevailed when billiards were at the height of their popularity. Plainly, then, it is not because prejudice against the game has increased, nor skill in its exhibition has diminished, nor because it has been put out of the reach of the mass of the people, that the billiard-table has lost its hold upon the popular taste. It must be because of fashion.

Fortunately, nothing is so sure to change as fashion. We do not stop to inquire why we wear short coats one year and long ones another; we do it because it is the fashion. So, without any explainable reason, we shall go back to billiards some time. To the lover of the game and to all its well-wishers—in which category THE CLIPPER desires always to be counted—that time cannot come too quickly. And if, as we believe, the present tournament shall tend to hasten the coming, then it will not have been held in vain.

HERE IS a puff for cigar-dealers which may assist trade: "Granny Green," an old resident of Philadelphia, died in that city on Jan. 29, aged *one hundred and sixteen years!* She had been an inveterate smoker nearly all her life!

MANY of us would invest in Four-per-cents, and thus show our patriotism and devotion to the Government, if somebody would lend us the money. We want to be a bondholder, "and with the *angels* stand."

ANOTHER libel suit went wrong last week. A gentleman named Hughes sued *The Evening Express*, and placed the damages at twenty thousand dollars; but the jury, after cyphering it all up, thought it was worth about five hundred dollars, and brought in a verdict for that amount, much to the disgust of the libeled one.

A CALIFORNIA PAPER, in an article headed "*Pacific* Slope Items," contains three murders, seven desperate encounters with revolvers, three stage-coach robberies, two cases of arson, and five of wives *slope*-ing from their husbands. Now, if all these things are called *pacific*, what do they do out there when they get mad?

THEY WANTED the school-house for a social dance, but the trustees went back on the boys and refused. All that remained of the school-house at Cariboo, N. S., the next day, was a heap of smouldering ruins. Truly, "in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail."

WHEN the United States troops are pursued by the Indians the press ridicules the pale-faced warriors; but when the latter get the bulge on the red-skins and pursue *them*, the same impartial contemporaneous literature denounces the white soldiers for their inhumanity. What *will* suit the "Man-afraid-of-his-subscribers?"

QUAIL ON TOAST are almost a drug in the market out West, and are cheaper than fish-balls. Not to be undersold by the "prairie hens," some of our restaurateurs are serving up sparrows for quail, and their customers don't know the difference. Everything depends on the

ATHLETIC.

THE BOSTON TOURNAMENT.

The series of pedestrian contests promoted by persons in Boston, Mass., interested in athletic matters took place at the Mechanics' Fair building, Jan. 29, 30, and proved successful, both pecuniarily and as displays of ability in this line. In the twenty-five-mile walk E. C. Hoiske covered the distance in the fast time of 3h. 56m. 13⅘s., only three men finishing, and C. A. Harriman was a surprise to many present. The judges are, we believe, capable men, the track was stated to have been carefully and accurately measured, and, considering that the track was only a thirteenth of a mile around, the performance of Hoiske was wonderfully good, and affords evidence of his improvement. During the afternoon Harriman had walked the same distance in 4h. 57m. 30s., which took something out of him that he should have reserved for the evening contest, though the result would scarcely have been different had he started perfectly fresh. A return of the two days' sport follows:

Wednesday, Jan. 29—Twenty-five-mile walk, for professionals; $50 to first, $10 to second: E. C. Hoiske, New York, 1; C. Toole, Bangor, Me., 2; C. A. Harriman, 3; J. D. Wayne, Boston, and B. F. Nelligan, Cambridge, retired after completing over nineteen miles; O. T. McDermott, Boston, twenty-one miles; F. F. Dole, Laurence, over fifteen miles; "F. L. Edmonds" Edwards, New York, over fifteen miles. Nelligan made the pace at the start, and kept the lead, with Dole second and Hoiske third, until they were halfway along the sixth mile, when Hoiske took second place, Dole becoming tired. At the close of the seventh mile about a dozen yards separated Hoiske from Nelligan, and in the second lap of the eighth mile they changed places. Hoiske was never afterwards in danger of losing first prize, he being over two hundred yards to the good at the end of ten miles, walked in 1h. 31m. 20s., Nelligan second, a lap before Dole; Toole, Harriman, Wayne and Thomas following in this order. At the end of fifteen miles, finished in 2h. 19m. 53⅘s., Hoiske had improved his position, and Harriman had got in front of Wayne, while McDermott was struggling along still further in the rear of all. Just after entering upon the sixteenth mile Toole passed Nelligan and Dole, and, after making his sixth lap in this mile, "Edwards" fell out, as Dole had done two laps previously. The next to shirk was Nelligan, who gave up at the end of the fourth lap in the nineteenth mile, Wayne following suit after going eight laps additional. There was no change of position to the end, Hoiske beating Toole by a mile and a half, and Harriman by two miles and a half, while McDermott finished his twenty-first mile simultaneously with Harriman's completion of his task. The total time of each of those who finished was: Hoiske, 3h. 56m. 13⅘s.; Toole, 4h. 16m. 29s.; Harriman, 4h. 25m. 2⅘s. There was considerable excitement at the close, and Mr. Burdock of the Boston B. B. C. announced that the winner could be backed to walk anybody twenty-five miles for as much as $1,000 a side. This occasioned some match-talk between Hoiske and Harriman, but nothing else was done, although it is probable that they will be matched to travel that distance or double it, as we learn that Hoiske is willing to try the New-Englander at either. The officials were: Referee, E. E. Merrill; starter, J. Robinson, Manchester, England; judges, C. P. Huckins, Wm. Brown, C. H. Dodd; timekeepers, A. L. Estabrook, W. C. N. Bond, Will R. Pittman, W. H. Holt, W. F. Goodell; scorers, W. F. Brennan and C. W. Cohen.

Thursday, Jan. 30—Quarter-mile run, for amateurs—A. L. Brackett, Union A. C., 1; J. F. Kane, Boston A. C., 2; Jas. B. Sheffield, Waltham B. C., 0; John Howrihan, Nonpariel A. A., 0; J. H. Maxwell, Boston A. C., 0. Time, 1m. 13s. One-mile walk, amateur—T. H. Armstrong, Harlem A. C., 1; E. E. Merrill, Union A. C., 2; T. J. Coogan, B. B. C., 3; Osman Armstrong, Riverside B. C., 0; J. F. Downey, Fulton A. A., 0. Won by one-eighth of a second in 7m. 30¼s. The race was close all the way, and for such a track the time was excellent. F. J. Mott, Chas. Conner and Wm. O'Keefe of New York and Alex. W. Gerry of Boston, were among the entries, but did not start. Half-mile run, amateur—C. H. Soule, N. A. C., 1; John Allen, Jr., B. B. C., 2; H. T. Smith, 0; W. G. Drew, 0. Won by 4¼ seconds in 2m. 29s. Three-mile walk, amateur—F. J. Mott, H. A. C., 1; W. H. Holt, B. A. C., 2; E. W. Frisbee, B. A. C., 3. Mott got the lead in the second mile and held it thereafter, finishing 2½sec. before Holt. Time, 26m. 39¼s. One-mile run, amateur—J. C. Hibber, U. A. C., 1; C. Hewrihan, N. A. C., 2; T. C. Thatcher, Harvard A. C., 3; W. H. Maxwell, B. A. C., 0; J. T. Seabury, N. A. C., 0. Time, 5m. 53⅘s. Seven-mile walk, amateur—T. H. Armstrong, H. A. C., 1; W. H. Holt, B. A. C., 2; Wm. O'Keefe, Yorkville A. C., 3; A. W. Gerry, B. A. C., 0; E. W. Frisbee, B. A. C., 0; John Johnson, Catholic Lyceum, Brookline, 0. Armstrong led almost from the start, winning by less than a minute from Holt, between whom and O'Keefe the struggle for second place was very exciting. Noonen was taken off for unfair walking during the third mile. Time, 1h. 2m. 58s. The judges were: Referee, C. P. Huckins; judges—R. J. Roberts, W. Brown, Geo. H. Adams, J. D. Wayne, C. H. Todd; timekeepers—A. L. Estabrook, W. C. N. Bond, W. R. Pittman, C. W. Cohen, W. F. Goodell; and scorers, W. F. Brennan and S. W. Dow.

CONNER vs. COX.

Charley Conner's attention is called to the following challenge from Ed. Cox, which comes to us backed by fifty dollars:

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Seeing that Chas. Conner of New York failed to get on a match with Mr. Owens, I will wrestle Conner for two hundred and fifty dollars a side, best two falls in three, according to Ed. James' rules; match to take place in Boston, Mass., within thirty days after signing articles. I will meet him or his representative any time he may choose in the office of *The Boston Herald* to arrange preliminaries. If this is acceptable to Mr. Conner, I would be pleased to hear from him at an early date. Inclosed please find fifty dollars as an earnest of my intentions. Respectfully yours,

EDWARD COX.

LADIES' LONG-DISTANCE TOURNAMENT.—The novelty of a six days' pedestrian contest open only to women has been projected by A. E. Samuells and J. H. Webb, who were brought conspicuously before the public by their close connection with the 2,700 quarter-mile performance of Madame Anderson in Brooklyn recently. It will take place in this city, commencing May 19, and it is proposed to give to the winner a costly silver belt and $200 in cash, $300 to the second, and $100 to third, and any person walking three hundred miles without becoming entitled to one of these prizes is guaranteed $25 in money. The contest will be conducted in accordance with the Astley-belt rules, and the prizes will be deposited in THE CLIPPER office one month prior to date of contest. For additional particulars see card among our sporting advertisements.

PEDESTRIAN CONTESTS attracted a goodly number of persons to Educational Hall, in Asbury Park, N. J., Jan. 29, 30. The several competitions resulted as follows: Twenty-five-mile walk—J. Downs won in 5h. 13m. 46s. Ten-mile walk—J. Patterson, 1; O. H. Brown, 2; C. Wallace, 3: time, 1h. 50m. 44s. Won by nearly seventeen minutes. One-mile walk—Unknown, 1; James A. Bradley (president of Asbury Park), 2; time, 10m. 22s. Fifteen-mile walk—George Anness, 1; J. Carroll, 2; time, 2h. 38m. 52s.

A TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR WALKING MATCH, for $200, between Jack Zimmerman and Jack Hoey was concluded at 9 P. M. Jan. 24 at Newburg, N. Y., and resulted in a victory for Zimmerman, who covered 102 1-6 miles, Hoey giving out at 80¾ miles. Zimmerman made his last five miles in 63 minutes. The track was laid in the Opera-house, and measured 30 laps to a mile.

A RACE of about three miles was run by members of the Montreal (Can.) Snowshoe Club Jan. 25. It was a cross-country steeplechase from St. Hilaire Station to the Iroquois House, and resulted as follows: W. McNab, 1; R. Summerhayes, 2; W. W. Taggart, 3; A. Arthurs, 4. The snow was deep, and a storm prevailed.

W. CORKEY and Geo. Hazael have been matched to contend for the long-distance belt typical of the championship of England (now held by the former) and £900. The match is for a six days' go-as-you-please journey, and is to commence at Agricultural Hall, London, April 21.

THE EMERALD SNOWSHOE CLUB held their annual steeplechase at Montreal, Canada, Jan. 25. Seven men started, and the order of arrival was as follows: T. J. Martin, 34m. 35s.; Jos. Boyle, 24m. 57s.; J. Newman third prize, P. Murphy fourth, and Theo. Jobin fifth.

FRED. W. STONE, who is now at Wells, Nevada, expresses a desire to run Rogers 125 yards, for as much as five thousand dollars a side, at any place west of Omaha, at two weeks' notice. He says he will deposit $500 in any bank as a guarantee.

WM. BARNETT is announced to shortly attempt the feat of walking 2,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, two miles and a half each and every hour, in London, Eng.

JOHN KEEN, champion, and W. Phillips are to contend in a twenty-five-mile match, for £50, at Leicester, Eng., Feb. 8.

GEORGE GUNN is stated to have walked 200 miles in 50h. at the Opera-house, Elgin, Ill., Jan. 23 to 25.

A. M. DANNER'S ATTEMPT to walk 460 miles in six days at the Wigwam, Paterson, N. J., ended in failure, he being taken from the track, thoroughly used up, at 8 P. M., Jan. 25, when he had 342 miles 14 laps to his credit. To fill out the evening, Messrs. Palmer and Miller walked five miles, the former winning by a lap in 55min., but being beaten subsequently by Miller in a mile-match, losing by two laps, in 10m. 20s.

GEORGE J. LAW proved the superior of Wm. Hanley in a forty-eight-hour walk at the Opera-house, Danbury, Ct., Jan. 23 to 25. Law was walking about 42 hours and covered 128 miles, Hanley's walking time being about 40 hours and his distance 117 miles. A correspondent at the conclusion of the contest says: "The latter's first and last miles were each walked in six minutes.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB was organized in Boston, Mass., last week. Officers: President, Col. Albert A. Pope; vice-president, H. W. Warren; secretary and treasurer, H. E. Parkhurst; captain, Edward W. Pope; senior sub captain, J. F. Livermore; junior sub-captain, Dr. C. H. Corkeu; club committee—F. W. Freeborn, W. H. Aimes, W. S. Slocum.

FIELD VS. BARNETT.—NEW YORK, Jan. 27, 1879.—EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER: I hereby challenge Moses Barnett of Harlem to run me one hundred yards for a gold medal, not to cost less than twenty-five dollars. The race to take place outside of New York City, heat in New York State. The challenge to remain open thirty days. SIDNEY H. FIELD.

A SERIES OF PEDESTRIAN CONTESTS, embracing 25-mile, 50-mile, 26-hour and six days' walks, and a 25-mile go-as-you-please contest, open only to residents of the State, were announced to take place at the Lyceum Hall, Bridgeport, Ct., this week, under the management of John N. Near.

MISS HELEN FREEMAN and a man named Bishop gave an exhibition-walk at Haverhill, N. H., Jan. 30, the latter giving odds in miles and retiring after completing twenty-five miles to Miss Freeman's 33 miles 18 laps, in 5h. 5m. walking time.

ONE J. H. MCLAUGHLIN is now in Boston, Mass., and says he is determined to get on matches with all those who lay claim to superior excellence as collar-and-elbow wrestlers, being particularly anxious for a shy at James Owens.

JOHN PERKINS, Robt. Brennan and Fred Gross, a trio of seekers after fame well seasoned with money, are taking a six days' jaunt at Mozart Garden, Brooklyn, this week.

MADAME ANDERSON this week issues through our advertising columns a challenge to all other lady-walkers in the world, and those interested are referred thereto for particulars.

JUNIA SINCLAIR attempted to walk twenty-five miles in 4h. 45m. at Union Hall, Attleboro, Mass., Feb. 1, but quit after scoring 20⅝ miles in 4h. 1m. 50s.

O. L. DUSGIN is said to have walked 100 miles in 24h. 56⅘m. without training, on a 35 lap track at Kittery, Me., last week.

ROWELL vs. O'LEARY.

In our past issue we copied from *The (London) Sporting Life* an announcement of the staking by Charles Rowell's backer of the full amount of £100 required to cover the amount on deposit by O'Leary, and entitle the Englishman to compete for the Astley belt for the championship of the world; also the decision of the appointed stakeholder as to the date when the next contest for said trophy must take place. For the information of Messrs. O'Leary, Ennis, Harriman, and all others directly or indirectly interested in the matter, we herewith present a copy of the articles forwarded to O'Leary (for which we were unable to make room last week), followed by such comments as we think the subject demands:

Memorandum of agreement made and entered into this fourteenth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine, between Daniel O'Leary of Chicago, Illinois, party of the first part, and Charles Rowell of Chesterton, Cambridge, England, party of the second part. Witnesseth that whereas the party of the first part is now the holder of the "Long Distance Championship Challenge Belt of the World," won by him at the Agricultural Hall, London, in March, one thousand eight hundred and seventy eight, and the party of the second part has duly challenged him to a pedestrian match therefor, pursuant to the conditions upon which the said belt is held: Now, therefore, this agreement witnesseth that the parties hereto hereby agree to compete for the said Championship Belt won by the party of the first part in London on March last, and the sum of one hundred pounds a side (£200), each man has been deposited by the parties hereto in the hands of the editor of *The Sporting Life*. The match to take place in a covered building in New York, U. S. (or ground), to be mutually agreed upon by both parties, and is to commence at one o'clock A. M. on , one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine, and terminate at eleven o'clock P. M. on , one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine, the party covering the greatest distance during that time, by either running or walking, without assistance, to be declared the winner. The match is to be subject to the same conditions as that at which the said belt was won by the party of the first part, and the belt is to be held by the winner on the same terms and conditions on which it is now held. In the event of any other person or persons joining in the match, there must in each deposit the sum of one hundred pounds (£100) with the appointed stakeholder within four weeks previous to the day fixed for the commencement of the race, and to be subject to the conditions and terms of this agreement. The match is to be under the auspices of the athletic clubs in and about the city of New York, and a representative from each of the undermentioned sporting papers is empowered to act as judges, viz., *The Spirit of the Times*, NEW YORK CLIPPER, *Turf, Field and Farm*, *New York Sportsman*, and *The Sporting Life*; but all matters of dispute or appeals upon questions not provided for by these conditions to be referred to the trustees of the belt, whose decision shall in all cases be final. The gate-receipts (after all expenses are paid) to be divided as under:

Should there be only two competitors, three-fourths of the gate-money to be handed over to the winner and one-fourth to the loser. Should three or more compete, the winner to take half the gate-receipts and the balance to be distributed amongst the other competitors in proportion to the number of miles completed. Any competitor resigning the contest before the last day, should there be more than two competitors, or who does not succeed in completing four hundred and fifty miles (450), to forfeit his share of the gate-receipts; and in the event of only two men being entitled to participate in the distribution, the winner of the match to take three-fourths and the loser one-fourth of the gate-money. Should there be only two competitors, each man to walk upon a separate track, to be laid down according to his own directions, and surveyed by a competent authority in the presence of the judges appointed. The measurement to be made eighteen inches from the inside border-frame (which is to be three inches higher than the mold). Should there be three (or more) competitors, all to go on one wide track (not less than ten feet wide).

Either party failing to comply with any of these articles to forfeit all moneys deposited

(Signed) CHARLES ROWELL.

Witness for Charles Rowell, H. MILLAR POTTER.

From our recollection of the conditions, as originally published, for the government of competitors for the belt, it seems to us that there is no justification for the ruling by *The Sporting Life* in regard to the time and place of the next contest. If we mistake not, the conditions expressly stated that, while it would be necessary for the winner to hold the belt for a period of eighteen months, it was optional with the holder, if challenged, to engage in more than two matches, or sweepstakes, for the trophy, and, consequently, that the three months' clause did not become practically operative until the incoming of 1879. It appears to us a sensible view of the matter to take the ground that therefore O'Leary cannot in justice be required to again contend for the world's championship earlier to the second or third week in April next; otherwise, supposing that he had accepted a challenge issued within a few days after he had first won the belt, which would have brought the second competition in June or July last, and that he had been called upon to accept a second challenge and defend it a third time, say in October, of what benefit to him would be the clause making it unnecessary for him to contend again in 1879, if, by the working of the three months' rule, he might be obliged to do so a day or two afterwards. That he was not obliged to take part in more than one match in 1878 was on the supposition that the three months' clause bearing on the case, least of all an effect that might prove inimical to his interests. Early in October last John Ennis issued a challenge, accompanied by $50, through THE CLIPPER, and the same was promptly noticed in *The Sporting Life* (the duly appointed stakeholder), as authorized representative of which journal, in a letter to Ennis, published over the gentleman's own signature in our columns, stated that said challenge was bona-fide. As was the first issued, it, of course, took precedence of all other challenges to O'Leary, all that very plainly is requisite being for Ennis to post the remaining £90, which he doubtless will do in ample time. Both Ennis and Harriman have £10 on deposit, as required by the conditions, at the office of our London contemporary, Harriman having challenged on Oct. 19 last. The conditions governing the belt competition were drawn up with a lack of that absolute clearness which should mark the work of men experienced in the framing of such documents, and persons here who were interested have repeatedly written for explanation regarding certain points, but without avail, their letters being denied the courtesy of a reply; otherwise they might not have been taken aback as they are by the curious ruling that the competition shall take place in the first week of March, and in New York City, which decision as to the locale is in direct antagonism to the previous ruling of the donor of the champion belt and prizes, Sir John Astley, who, strangely enough, is now the backer of Rowell, whose challenge was issued Dec. 4 last, and, consequently, is by right headed by the challenges of Ennis and Harriman. O'Leary, who is still in the Southwest in quest of better health, will doubtless be heard from this week, and what he has to say in the premises cannot but prove interesting.

A note from John Ennis informs us that on Jan. 31 he cabled £90 to *The Sporting Life*, making up the £100 necessary to entitle him to a match. We also hear that Harriman did likewise a day or two earlier. So it will be seen that America will have several Richmonds in the field, no matter how soon the contest takes place. Just or unjust, we believe that the champion will acquiesce in the ruling of the custodians of the belt as regards time of contest, and, unless the error of their ways is made clear to them, and the date set further along, we may expect the competitors to take place in March; but if O'Leary has his mind made up to have the big show in Chicago, he will probably so strenuously object that his wishes will be complied with—unless the fact that Madame Anderson has engaged the Exposition Building there for the fortnight beginning March 3 may leave him no choice but to walk in the metropolis.

LONG-DISTANCE WALKING.

Since Madame Anderson's performance of 2,700 quarter-miles in 2,700 consecutive quarter hours the fever for this style of endurance walking, especially among those of her own sex, has spread rapidly, and from various directions comes to us intelligence that the ranks of the noble army of pedestrian feminine medalists are being swollen almost daily by both previous public performers and new-comers upon the sawdust track, whom the prospect of lasting fame and golden gain have induced to exchange trails and French-heel boots for short skirts, fancy hose, and broad-soled walking-shoes, which add not to the beauty of the feminine foot. We will herewith briefly allude to a batch of the more prominent of these, and the feats they are announced to have undertaken, with the intention of trying to honestly perform. Madame Anderson started Jan. 27, to walk 1,350 quarter miles in 1,350 quarter-hours, at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., and, as in Brooklyn, occasionally relieves the monotony of the tramp and entertains the spectators, who have been numerous, with vocal efforts.....Mrs. May Marshall commenced Jan. 20 an attempt to walk 2,700 quarter-miles in as many quarter-hours at the Natatorium, Washington, D. C., and is largely patronized.....Miss La Chappelle on Jan. 25 began a walk of the same sort at the Folly Theatre, Chicago, Ill., and Schickling's Academy of Music, Cincinnati, O., Miss Millie Rose is endeavoring to beat this by a dozen miles.....Miss Annie Bartel made her debut Jan. 27 at the Brewster Building, corner of 14th street and Fifth avenue, this city, in an effort to walk 3,000 quarter miles in 3,000 quarter-hours.....Mme. Andrews, stated to hail from away down in Maine, began on Jan. 23 an attempt to walk 2,700 quarters in 2,700 consecutive periods of twelve minutes, at Bennett's Hall, Vermont and Atlantic avenues, East New York, L. I. Peter Van Ness and E. Belden on Jan. 26 began to walk at the Old Fifth Regiment Armory, Elizabeth and Hester streets, this city, the former to walk 2,000 half-miles in 2,000 consecutive half-hours, and the latter 2,000 half-miles in 2,000 consecutive twenty minutes.....Mike Scully on Jan. 25 again made his presence felt in Chicago, being advertised to attempt to approach Wm. Gale's feat by doing 4,000 quarter miles in as many consecutive periods of fifteen minutes, and at New Orleans, La., D. McCarthy is trying (so he says) to do Capt. Barclay's feat of 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours.....In the near future, too, we have the promise of Miss Lola Parshall to attempt the task of tramping 1,075 quarter-miles in the same number of quarter-hours, somewhere in the metropolis.....There are several counties yet to be heard from, but enough may be rolled upon to wheel into line in due time.....Madame Franklin, a female boxer and variety artist, on Feb. 1 began an attempt to outdo Anderson by traveling 2,800 quarter-miles in 2,800 quarters, at the Adelphi Theatre, Williamsburg, L. I., where a Miss Lee was engaged in walking six days and Miss Hattie Waldron "150 miles in 50 hours" during the week closing on that day.....Since the foregoing was penned Miss Bartel has abandoned her self-imposed task in this city. She left the track for good shortly after 3 P. M. on Feb. 2, and, as she had then traveled but 1413/4 miles in nearly six days' time, it is not to be supposed that exhaustion was the cause of her retirement, but we must really believe that the true reason for the withdrawal was a quarrel which occurred between her trainer, John Hughes, and the managers on the preceding evening in regard to money matters, and which resulted in the ejection and arrest of the "Greenhorn." It was patent to all, however, that a woman so unfitted as Miss Bartel was for the task she had been induced to undertake, without necessary preparation, could not accomplish it, even with the best of attention, and it is just as well that it ended before those having the management of a portion of the public's money through the curiosity excited by her futile attempt. Hoping to keep up the interest, however, they put Miss Nellie Reynolds and Mrs. M. A. Scott on the track that evening, with the announcement that they "would complete the feat" started by Miss Bartel.

WALKING AT THE HUB.

So successful proved the tournament held at the Mechanics' Fair Building, Boston, Jan. 29, 30, that a series of amateur contests were arranged for decision at the same place Feb. 1. Chas. A. Harriman first showed upon the track, which measured one-thirteenth of a mile, giving an exhibition walk of twenty-five miles, which he accomplished in 4h. 36m. 27s., which shows that he did not do nearly so well as he is capable of doing. The other races were as follows: Two-mile walk—T. H. Armstrong, H. A. C., 1; J. T. Coogan, 2; E. W. Frisbee, 3. T. H. Noonan, A. W. Gerry, Fred Mott and Wm. O'Keefe did not finish. Coogan led for six laps, when Armstrong went ahead and easily won in 17m. 18s., sixteen seconds before Coogan. Five-mile walk—F. J. Mott, H. A. C., 1; T. H. Armstrong, 2; A. W. Gerry, 3; J. T. Coogan, 4. Gerry started off with the lead, but quickly lost the lead to Coogan, who showed in front at the end of a couple of laps only. Mott then assumed command, which he almost continuously held to the end, with Armstrong right at his heels, a position with which he was satisfied. Time of winner, 46m. 18s.; Armstrong, 46m. 19⅘s.; Gerry, 46m. 21s.; Coogan, 46m. 40s. Two-mile walk—Wm. O'Keefe, Yorkville A. C., 1; E. W. Frisbee, 2. Thomas Noonan and A. W. Gerry did not finish, the former falling out of the ranks on the eighth mile, and Gerry on the third. Frisbee, who was much annoyed by the hissing of a number of the spectators, which on several occasions caused him to lose his temper, made a game race with O'Keefe, but was beaten by nearly two minutes. The winner's time was 1h. 32m. 53s.; Frisbee's, 1h. 34m. 40s.

MILLER VS. ROSS.—These heavy-weights have entered into an agreement to walk twenty-six hours in Baltimore, Md., commencing at 8 P. M. Feb. 7. When they made arrangements with Ross to meet Miller, it was stated that the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, by whom Ross is employed as instructor in athletics, would not permit him to compete for money; but it now appears that they have been a mistake, or else his employers have suddenly changed front, as the present affair is advertised as for a purse of $300. The distance covered by Miller on the occasion of the previous competition was 134 miles 3 laps, 5 inches short of completing the above we have learned that a meeting of the members of the Y. M. C. A. was held Jan. 31, to take into consideration the action of the executive committee in asking the resignation of Ross as instructor, in consequence of having arranged this match. It was decided to take no immediate action in the matter, but a petition protesting against the removal of Ross was very generally signed. Inducements were offered Ross to give up the proposed contest, but he is bound by his agreement with Miller, and would be not recede. In addition to the $300 for which the match has been made, a member of the Maryland Jockey Club has put up $25 as a special premium for the contestant who scored the fastest mile, and who also scores the greatest number of miles in any one hour during the twenty-six.

HENRY E. NUTTING, an amateur, walked one hundred miles in twenty-four hours at the Rockford (Ill.) skating Rink Jan. 24, Feb. 1. His actual walking time was 20h. 24m. Judges, E. S. Sutton and E. C. Aiken. Timekeeper, Frank Towle.

GOODWIN AND COLLYER.

The 75-hour contest between John W. Goodwin and Sam Collyer, contestants to get over the ground at any gait that suited them, commenced at the Brooklyn Rink at 8 P. M., Jan. 29, and ended at 9.07 P. M. on Saturday, Feb. 1, when Goodwin, who proved a good winner, left the track not to return, as his opponent had done at 8h. 20m. 20s. P. M. At 9.30 P. M. on the 30th the score stood: Goodwin, 57 miles; Collyer, 79 miles. At 9 P. M. on the 31st the figures were: Goodwin, 143 miles; Collyer, 141 miles. At the close of the contest the score was: Goodwin, 216 miles 5 laps in 75h. 7m.; Collyer, 199 miles, 3 laps in 72h. 36m. 20s. The building was not properly heated, and the consequence was that both men suffered from a cold contracted the first night, and in addition Collyer was afflicted with an attack of rheumatism in the right knee, which portion of his anatomy was much swollen during Friday and Saturday, and it is to be supposed that he suffered considerably during that time. Otherwise he seemed to be in fair condition at the close. Goodwin is much the better walker of the two both as regards style and speed. The character of the performance will be seen when we state that Daniel O'Leary has walked 216 miles in 84h. 19m. 46s., and 295 miles in 72h. 46m. 28s.

W. CARROLL AND F. MAHONEY

began a walk of sixty-two hours, for $100 a side, in a hall at Newport, R. I., at 10.30 A. M. Jan. 30, and it closed at 11.45 P. M. Feb. 1, when Carroll had scored 129, and Mahony but 107 miles. The merit of the performance may be judged from the fact that W. Howes has walked 122 miles in 24h. 30m. 38s., and 262 miles have been walked by Peter Crossland in 61h. 51m. 47s. When Carroll retired the previous evening, at about 10.30 he had walked 94 miles, to which he added but 35; while to the 82 miles with which Mahoney finished at 8.15 P. M. on the 31st he could only tack on twenty-five, both men being greatly troubled with blistered and swollen feet during the last twenty-four hours. R. D. Burns, who puts up the claim that he is "champion walker of the State," gave specimens of his ability on the evenings of Jan. 31 and Feb 1. The dispatch announcing that he walked six and a half miles in an hour might have been credited had it not stated further that he also walked five miles in thirty-five minutes, which is just 1m. 32sec. faster than that flyer Perkins, the English champion, ever got over the distance.

EMMETT vs. STRONG.

On Jan. 9 the match between Frank Emmett (now matched with Wallace Ross) and Anthony Strong, for £50 a side, was decided on a mile and a quarter straightaway courses on Walney Channel, Eng. The men were on the mark punctually, and a start was effected by mutual consent in about a minute after the men had stripped to the buff. Emmett immediately showed in front, and, when an eighth of a mile had been covered, was leading by a quarter of a length, putting in forty strokes to the minute. Strong, however, was pulling forty-two, and when the Jarrow sculler had so improved his position as to be almost clear Strong fouled him. The scullers went on, however, but had scarcely rowed more than a dozen additional strokes when a second foul occurred, Anthony's boat striking Emmett's scull. They were awarded a dead heat, and a delay of half a minute was occasioned before they were off again, Emmett getting best away, followed closely by the Barrow sculler. Emmett now settled down to a steady thirty-six strokes per minute, and seemed to be taking a straight course for the finish. Strong, following him pretty closely, however, and pulling forty-eight, soon made it evident that, if the Jarrow sculler did not make way for him, a third foul must ensue. They had not covered more than two or three hundred yards of the course after extricating themselves before the nose of Strong's boat fouled the right scull of Emmett, and in half a second the outriggers of the two boats were by some means entangled, and for a period of more than half a minute was occasioned by this, Strong's scull being across the seat of the Jarrow boat, and Emmett's scull in a similar position in the Barrow boat. The scullers held to their oars, with a view of facilitating the disentanglement to their respective advantage, until Strong by some means managed to get his outrigger in front of Emmett's, and, putting the blade of his left scull against the splash-board or outrigger of the other boat, contrived to get away with a lead of a length before Emmett was again at work. An English journal says: "Strong proved himself to be in good form, and he rowed perhaps as well if not better than we ever remember having seen him before. On his other hand, Emmett seemed pumped out, for he gradually fell another length behind the Barrow sculler, who, keeping up his stroke of thirty-eight, held this lead to the finish. Each man claimed the race, but the referee decided in favor of Emmett on the foul. There was some dissatisfaction, however, at this decision, as Strong's backers could see how he could be out of the water by fouling the boat in mid-channel, whilst the occupant of the leading boat did not show any inclination to give way."

WALLACE ROSS.—*Bell's Life* of Jan. 18 has this to say concerning the sculler from the Canadian provinces who is now training on the Thames: "Wallace Ross was one of Higgins' party on each occasion, rowing in an open boat from Leander on the first day, but on the other days of the week he used the outrigger built for Harry Kelley to row J. Sadler, and afterwards used by Walter Messenger when he defeated Young Clasper. She is rather too small for Ross, who at present scales nearly 182lb, and was fitted with the patent rowlock, in which Ross has evidently the greatest faith. A pair of sculls belonging to Higgins have been altered to suit the new thowl. He is matched to row Francis Emmett of Jarrow for £200, from Putney Aqueduct to the Ship at Mortlake, March 10. Those who have seen the 'foreigner' row have formed a very good opinion of his style, which augurs well for his success in this country, considering he has not yet been afloat in a boat suited to his great length of reach and physical powers."

CHICAGO YACHT CLUB.—At a monthly meeting of this Illinois club, held Jan. 28, H. N. Harrison, Henry Henderson, Jas. S. Killen and W. B. Young were chosen to fill vacancies in the executive committee, and the resignation of R. H. Fleming as vice-commodore was accepted, the election to fill the vacancy being deferred until the next meeting. The special committee to whom had been referred the communication from the Seawanhaka Yacht Club of Brooklyn in reference to a petition for an amendment to the present custom laws presented their report, recommending that the club sign the petition. The proposed change in the statutes grants licenses to yachts under twenty tons, and relieves them from the present vexatious delays in passing from this country to Canada and returning.

THE BOSTON (MASS.) YACHT CLUB on Jan. 29 elected the following officers: Commodore, Francis H. Peabody; vice-commodore, Nath'iel Wales; rear-commodore, Andrew Robeson; secretary, Thomas Dean; treasurer, Augustus Russ; measurers, D. J. Lawlor and J. B. Smith; grustees, Benjamin Dean, Wm. B. Merrill and E. B. Phillips; regatta committee, Wm. H. Bangs Jr., Thos. Dean, J. Alfred Mitchell, Frank A. Drew and Geo. S. Rice; membership committee, A. C. Martin, Charles E. Russ and Wm. S. Whitney.

THE MIDDLESEX (MASS.) ROWING CLUB elected the following officers recently: President, A. Black; vice-president, C. Hall; secretary, T. Cinnahan; financial secretary, J. Skalton; treasurer, J. J. Crowley; standing committee, E. McKeever, J. Keefe and H. Sheldon; sergeant-at-arms, J. McCann.

THE EXHIBITION given by the Shawmut Rowing Club at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Jan. 28, was a success. The entertainment embraced athletic business, singing, dancing, etc.

SHAWMUT ROWING CLUB.—Music Hall, Boston, Mass., was well filled on Tuesday evening, Jan. 28, when an entertainment for the benefit of the treasury of this club was given. During the evening members of the Young Men's Christian Association gymnasium appeared in gymnastic exercises; Parrell put a 75lb dumb-bell four times, Fitzpatrick nine times, and Ellis elevated a 85-pounder; the Drohan Brothers swung clubs; the Lakeman Club four-oared crew, the City Point Amateur six, George Hosmer and Prescott Johnson gave exhibitions on the rowing machines; Profs. Bailey and Thompson, Tommy Drohan and John Connelly sparred; John 87, Maloney jumped in and out of barrels 110 times; Napoleon Paradise lost. JERUSALEM. Bonaparte crossed 3 miles and 17 laps (twenty to a mile) in 32m. 2⅘s.; Young Bryant gave a clever juggling act; there was a tug-of-war between teams from the West and South Ends, the latter winning; Welch and Shields appeared in a Zouave drill; Thos. F. Clifford sang several songs acceptably; and Jackson Guard, Co. G, 19th Regiment, gave an exhibition drill. Frank S. Clifford acted as director of ceremonies.

HALIFAX (NOVA SCOTIA) TO ENGLAND.—At this writing the champion sculler Edward Hanlan is well on his way to England, having sailed from this port on board the steamer City of Montreal on Friday, Jan. 31. Among the gathering on the dock to see the champion off were Ned Hanlan and others who assembled to shake hands on the boat and bid him God speed were his quondom opponents Eph Morris and Fred Plaisted, his backer David Ward, Judge Elliott, John and Barney Riley, and Tom Elliott, all of whom were very earnest in their expressions of friendship and their good wishes for his success abroad. Hanlan is accompanied by James Headley, and should nothing untoward happen he will arrive at his destination in time to row the big race between Higgins and Elliott, with the winner of which event he will probably be matched.

JOHN MORRIS.—This once celebrated St. John, N. B., oarsman has met with a violent death. On Monday night, Jan. 27, his dead body was found on the Western Extension Railroad track, eight miles from that city, he having been run over by a freight train. The last important race in which he took part was that in which he rowed midship-aft in the St. John four-oared crew who were beaten by the Ward Brothers, at Springfield, Mass., Sept. 11, 1867. He was 47 years of age, stood 6 feet in height, and in rowing fix was wont to scale 180lb.

THE CRESCENT BOAT CLUB of Phila. last week elected the following officers: President, Harvey K. Hinshman; vice-president, Thomas B. Harper; secretary, M. W. Phillips; treasurer, Clarence E. Steel; captain, H. O. Ridgway; coxswain, Frederick W. Lewis; vice-coxswain, Charles J. Hallowell; representative to naval board, H. K. Hinshman.

A COLLISION occurred on the Hudson River, near Poughkeepsie, Jan. 31, between the ice yachts Quickstep, owned by Mr. Leary, and Flyaway, the property of Commodore Irving Grinnell. The latter craft was demolished, and her owner barely escaped serious injury.

THE NAUTILUS ROWING CLUB of Hamilton, Ont., was organized Jan. 27, and the following officers chosen: John Stewart, president; F. D. Carse, first vice president; Harry H. Davis, second vice-president; F. J. Harris, treasurer; T. Davidson, secretary.

PAUL BOYTON gave an exhibition at Washington, D. C., Feb. 1, and is now in Pittsburg, Pa., preparing for his swim from Kittanning to Pittsburg.

THE HOWARD FERRYMEN held a meeting Jan. 31, and decided to challenge Columbia to row a six-oared race during the coming Summer.

THE SECRETARIES of the following rowing clubs are advised of letters awaiting them in our cars: Nassau, Arconauts and Atalanta.

W. W. ASTOR'S YACHT AMBASSADRESS arrived from Florida waters last week, and is now lying at City Island.

DANIEL F. SULLIVAN has been tendered a testimonial benefit, to take place at Lowell, Mass., Feb. 6.

CRICKET.

ENGLISH TEAMS COMING to AMERICA.

The fine stand made by the American eleven against the Australian team at Philadelphia last October has aroused quite a desire on the part of English cricket elevens to visit the Quaker City and try and do what the Australians failed to accomplish, viz., to defeat a legitimate American cricket eleven. Arrangements are now in progress for the visit of three separate English teams to this country this coming Summer, and if they are successful there will be undoubtedly exciting times in cricket in the States, especially in New York and Philadelphia. The first team to arrive will be Lord Harris' eleven, which team is now playing in Australia. The English eleven will leave Australia so as to arrive at San Francisco the latter part of May, and they intend playing through the States and Canada during June. They are especially desirous, we are told by an Australian paper, of meeting the Philadelphia American eleven, and most likely they will have the opportunity afforded them.

The team which will follow Lord Harris' eleven will be that of the collegiate institution known as the Lascelles Hall Club. This is an amateur organization, and a prominent one. Eastwood, formerly of the Boston Club, is their professional, and they propose visiting the States and Canada in August next. During last season they practiced the American game of baseball with a view of playing some of the American college nines during their visit, especially the Harvards.

The third team to cross the Atlantic will be a professional eleven, which Daft is getting together to leave England in September for a month's visit. There is no time to be lost in getting ready to welcome Lord Harris' eleven

NO MORE!

How did Love sleep? The sweet moon rolled
In robes of dusky gold last night,
Until her tender glory paled
Before the ruddy dawn of light;
Love lay enshrined in bridal flowers,
And kissed the sweets that come and go
From far-off fields—from all the flowers
That blow.

How did Love wake? The early beams
Had pierced the rose-leaf where he slept,
And, rising from his perfumed dreams,
Into the dewy world he leapt.
Blazing, soared upward into light—
"For day is but a little pain,
And then 'tis night, with soft delight
Again!"

So Love returned when twilight fell,
And found his flowers dying—dead;
The queenly rose he loved so well
Lay in his arms with drooping head.
"Ah, Love!" she cries, "thy kisses burn;
But Death has stood my hope before;
If Love once flies—he may return
No more!"

LAUNCH LEE.

DRIFTING TO DOOM;
OR,
A MAZY MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY WM. R. HYSTER,

Author of "King Dick, A Tale of New Orleans and St. Louis," "Branded and Mad," "Will Nat's Brigade," "Ianthe," "The Free Trapper's Pass," "Through War and Fire," "The Haunted Hunter," etc.

ENTERED IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY FRANK QUEEN, IN THE YEAR 1878.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FORTUNE'S BACKWARD FLOW.

The following morning Doctor Williams, who had spent the night in Carbon Cove, left that place for Philadelphia at far too early an hour to learn of the important developments which took place during the forenoon. Could he have foreseen what was going to happen, the gist of which was telegraphed to the city in advance of his arrival, he might have been going on his journey in a frame of mind far from rejoicing.

It had been rumored, by whom or for what purpose was a mystery, that trouble might be expected at the striking collieries; that the managers of the Carbon Cove Mining Company were about to pursue their labors with fresh men, and in defiance of all associations, strikers, or barn-breakers. The cry that "blacklegs" were coming, however feebly sounded, was sufficient to raise a buzz through the whole valley, and in the present fermenting condition of the laboring mind the wonder was that there was a breaker left standing in the country.

So men came to the Red Ridge; men singly and by twos and threes, and men in squads. Some were sober and some were drunk, but all were excited. Upon arrival the excitement was not calmed by finding two dozen stalwart, resolute men at the breaker, well armed and officered, bent upon protecting the workmen and property of the company. As for the mines, they were running, though short-handed; a special train the night before had thrown a hundred or more workmen and a score or so of armed guards into the neighborhood, who marched to their posts of duty without much caring whether it was to be peace or war. Many of the men on both sides had smelled powder before, and did not care how soon the scent reached their nostrils again.

The excitement rose steadily, and the wilder counsels began to prevail. The numbers of the mob were momentarily augmented by the arrival of miners, ready for the fray which they were anxious to see come.

Yet for some reason the natural leaders seemed loth to precipitate an engagement, and stood apart, conversing among themselves. Considering the provocation, this was indeed singular, but a reason for it was to be seen. Posted upon a tree, at no very great distance from the mouth of the mine, was a placard which one after another went to examine, some from curiosity, but more from a desire to test its genuineness. Upon it, inscribed in rough, wide, straggling letters, was the following:

ATTENTION, RED RIDGE.

There must be no strike. We will settle the trouble with the company. Let those who are breeding a riot be warned! MOLLIE MAGUIRE.

"It's the old lady, sure enough," said some, others, refusing to be convinced, read and went away saying: "It's an infernal Yankee trick. Let's have it out with them, anyhow!"

The latter party were in the ascendant. From the crowd some unknown person struck down one of the guards with a piece of stovecoal hurled at him. The guards began handling their arms nervously; the whole mass simmered on the very verge of a boiling fight. Had Williams been there, he would have rejoiced to see the condition of affairs. It only wanted the weight of a straw upon the side of the miners to turn the roaring mob into a bloodletting army.

But Williams was not there; and someone else was. Three or four persons came pushing easily through the crowd towards the front ranks, where there was an evident intent to have the guards open the ball. A stalwart, grimy miner had in his hand a rock which he was about to hurl, but the drawn-back arm was lightly though firmly grasped, and the stone fell from his hand. He turned around quickly, with an oath, and saw before him a quiet-faced little man—the stranger, in fact, of the meeting at the Black Rock a couple of nights before. The face was new to almost all there, yet it wore a look of conscious security.

"*Keep your temper cool; you seem vexed,*" he said mildly. "My name is Donnogan, and I just landed from Ireland a few days ago. Perhaps you have heard of me?"

As he spoke he made a sign or two in a covert manner, and, as the name of the stranger was passed from one to another, it seemed, with all the mercuriality of the true Irish nature, that the work just in hand was entirely forgotten in their interest in the stranger, who had given signs and pass-words recognized by nearly all.

"Sure, it's the great Donnogan himself, that got loose from the Clerkenwell Jail—bad cess to the English brutes!"

"It wasn't into the jail that they got him. Troth, but the Donnogan is too sly to be caught that tight. Three cheers for Shaun Donnogan!"

The crowd forgot its bellicose intentions. It gathered around the Donnogan, and then surged away in a great wave. Then the breaker was safe—the danger of riot and murder over—for a day or two at least.

Donnogan spoke as one in authority. He bade them wait, said that evil counselors had been at work, that the duty of the miners to their families and themselves demanded that they should reconsider their determination. The Mining Protective Association was against them in this thing—and more than that, he and those he represented (and at that there was an acquiescent nod from nearly every head) asked for peace and quiet.

So, the prudent counsel of one in authority prevailed, though it was the personal popularity of Donnogan that was able to override the hot-headed or ruffianly leaders who, as they had often done before and have often since, were pushing, leading, driving and coaxing the unthinking mass into a course which only ends after a long train of woeful outrages and bloody deeds.

It is not every day in the year, however, that an inspector-general of one of the greatest secret military organizations in the world can be on hand to regulate its subordinates and offshoots. It was the beginning of Dr. Williams' ill-fortune that Donnogan should be there at such an nauspicioustime.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE CRACK OF DOOM.

When Doctor Williams arrived in Philadelphia he lost no time in visiting the broker who had telegraphed to him to come down.

What he then learned had no sedative effect upon his nerves, even though the broker had barely succeeded in gathering up the outlying crumbs of information. The Carbon Cove Company had possession of certain lands under title deeded by him; but they did not propose completing the payment, nor did they show any signs of an intention to abandon their declared policy of being their own factors. Williams found that perhaps he had overestimated his own power and underestimated the firmness and business ability of the man he had to fight against. A threat of proving the lands subject to dowry would not only fall idle and useless, but might be made to recoil with overwhelming force against himself.

Posted as far as he could be by his broker friend, Williams boldly presented himself at the office of the president of the Carbon Cove, and, being received with civility, attempted to introduce the subject of their differences.

His preparation was heard with a good-humored smile and a look of conscious superiority.

He spoke of the trouble that was brewing, that the Red Ridge and other colleries were on a strike, that the whole region would be in arms. As a reply, he was handed a couple of telegrams, one announcing that the mines had been taken possession of by the new workmen of the company; the other that the mob at the Red Ridge had dispersed, and that the old hands could probably be induced to go to work again the following morning.

"My dear sir," said the courteous president, "you have handled your coal stock, sold your coals and your coal-lands exceptionally well; but your goose has now laid her last golden egg—as far as we know. In fighting us you fight an unlimited number of millions, with the advantage of being an incorporated body, and consequently no soul. Our stock is in the market, and if you wish to share in our management go and buy—until you do that, don't waste your breath. We have been informed that your title to the lands you have sold us is imperfect—that, in fact, there are nearer heirs than yourself to Theodore Williams. It was simply a telegram, signed by one John Alden, and, though he is known to us and is a trustworthy man, we give you the benefit of the doubt till it is proved, meantime taking all necessary precautions to protect ourselves. That is all, sir. Good-day."

Thus bowed out, Caleb Williams went away.

His first move was to telegraph Scott Boyd to wait for him in New York until he could join him; that much, if not everything, depended upon reaching the bottom facts regarding Annie Alden and Charles Taylor. Next he consulted a lawyer, and the result of the conference was not particularly reassuring. By a sudden and dexterous turn of the wheel he found himself barred out in every direction.

He had enough work on hand to keep him in Philadelphia until the following day. Then, having had no answer from the detective, he took a train for New York.

In New York Caleb Williams was perfectly at home; but, for all that, he did not know so well where to find Scott Boyd, or, in default of finding him, learn whether he had quitted the city, and for where.

Fuming with the inward sense of suppression, he came suddenly, at the corner of Broadway and Eleventh-street, upon Charles Taylor. There could be no mistake about it. Alive, unhurt, with a face clouded with a cast of intense thought and anxiety, but otherwise clear and unseamed by fire or smoke, and walking with a gait indicative of mental force and decision, was the man whose calcined bones he had, up to that moment, believed lay under the smouldering beams and fire-smirched stones of Sammit Lodge. His eyes were bent downward as he passed, and so he did not recognize Williams, or see the look of surprise and sudden, baffled rage cast upon him. He strode steadily down the street, leaving the other staring after him until he had passed beyond his range of vision.

There was something in this meeting that sent a sudden chill of alarm through the back and shoulders of the desperate speculator. Certainly Charles Taylor had not flitted away from Carbon Cove so noiselessly without having some object in view, and Williams thought, too, with dismay, of the one secret, if not more, which he bore with him. Aimlessly he turned into Eleventh street and drifted along in thought, from which he was partially aroused by a hack passing him at a rapid rate. The hack drew up suddenly a short distance in front of him, and a man leaped out, and, running up the steps of the nearest dwelling, rang the door-bell.

Another strange fatality—this man was John Alden.

Doctor Williams braced himself up, and was passing boldly. A revolver lay in his hip-pocket, and at the shadow of an attack he decided to use it, so he did not hesitate to look up at Alden, waiting upon the steps. He saw the door open, a girl-woman rush out and fling her arms around John Alden's neck, exclaiming:

"My dear, dear father!"

And this woman—was Annie Alden!

Had the heavens opened and dropped down a rain of sulphur and fire, Dr. Williams could not have been more nearly petrified. He saw, as in a dream, John Alden's strong arms raise the girl from the steps and bear her into the house, the door crashing to behind them. He shook his head blindly, like a bull just standing after a not-altogether skillfully delivered blow from the butcher's pole-ax, and gave one spring towards the steps.

Then, just as suddenly, his mood changed—he cringed under the blow of fate, he was dazed, he was walking in a vision. He turned away from the spot, and, like a stricken wolf, started for his den. Not that he had any intention of dying, if it could be avoided; but he felt at bay now; and, though he expected to strike out savagely more than once before going under, he must first of all unravel the skein of apparent improbabilities just flung as fate's gauge before him. Back he must go to Summit Lodge—back as fast as steam could carry him. There were two Richmonds in the field. He who had been digging pits, had somehow fallen into one of his own traps. Until he learned the truth he was either on the verge of insanity or in deadly danger. He waited not a moment; but, at once and forever ignoring the investigations which a few hours ago he had been so anxious to make, turned his face towards Carbon Cove, possessed to the very lips with a burning desire to see for himself whether he was the spirit of phantoms, or whether a sufferer really tossed upon the bed of torture at the Widow O'Shane's cabin.

Fate was still against him. A collision had occurred an hour before that put a barrier against travel for hours more—it seemed like an eternity to him. He would have used the telegraph, but he could not. There was no one at the Summit that he could trust but Michael, and Michael was ignorant. A thousand dispatches would hardly fit the Irishman's brain for a proper comprehension of the delicate work he would have had done. He might rage and fume and swelter; but the weary miles lay before him, and would not at his beck and call suffer themselves to be annihilated.

The weary waiting drew near an end, though, and at last he drifted into Carbon Cove. The familiar, frowning hills looked down upon him, blushing under the last kiss of sunset, the well-known road resounded under his flying feet, and just as the dusk was closing fast he came to the Widow O'Shane's door.

Without pausing to knock he threw open the door and entered, then stood motionless for a moment, bracing himself up to receive any possible revelations.

"Ah, faith, an' it's you," said the widow, as she came out from the inner room. "It's glad I am to say you, though she's been doin' illegant, barin' bein' out of her head most ov the time. An' here's a letther for yer honor, an' maybe it's a joke it is ov one of the boys; but Patsey O'Rourke's boy said as how you was to have it as soon as you come."

He took the letter indicated in a slow, mechanical way, opening it, his eyes all the time wandering around the room. He glanced at its contents, and gave a start of terrified surprise. In his then condition almost anything was sufficient to upset his nerves, and this had enough of grotesque horror about it to unsettle a man at the best; he was not afraid to brave the physical terrors of the Mollie Maguires, of whose inside working he had some knowledge, half so much as to stand the suspense of the legerdemain which showed him Annie Alden in New York alive, well and exuberant in spirits, and Annie Alden here in the Widow O'Shane's cabin a living cinder, and crazy at that.

"Her face is not so bad; we've got the cotton off!" exclaimed the widow as Williams placed his hand upon the door which lay before him, and, with that warning, he passed on, and in a moment more looked straight into the suffering, sane eyes of his sister Clarice.

Stunned by the unexpected sight, he staggered back from that one glance, exclaiming:

"What devilish jugglery is this?"

Mrs. O'Shane caught him, but he cast her off roughly. His voice, harsh, low and muffled, frightened her as much as his manner. She looked from him to the bed and back again in amazement.

"I have seen enough," he muttered, and, without another word, he stumbled out of the room and wandered away in the darkness.

He saw it all now. He remembered an unopened letter that was consumed with a coat which held it in the conflagration. It had been given to him by Michael a few evenings before, and, recognizing the writing, in the seething rush of events he had not taken time to read it. She was coming then—and she came.

On the instant of the sudden, and, to him, fearful discovery, Annie Alden faded away from before his eyes; she haunted him no longer. In her place was Clarice, his own loved, cherished sister, who in her intermittent seasons of sanity he had loved as in the rest of her darkened life he pitied to the very bottom of his soul. For the first time he saw, illuminated by the lurid light of remorse, the eternal difference between right and wrong, and the inevitable compensating stroke that follows swiftly after sin.

As he aimlessly groped his way—by chance nearing the Red Ridge colliery—a man suddenly loomed out of the darkness, and caught him by the shoulder. It was the late bodymaster.

"I'm glad I saw ye, doctor. They are after us. Git out of this, quick. There has been some mistake and Shaun Donnogan has got a death-blow from one of the blacklegs. It's leaked out that they were together, and that you wanted the strike. It's on you the boys are swearing vengeance. Everyone would have died for him. Leave at once, or you are a dead man."

Williams listened to the impressive warning in a dull, lifeless way. He neither comprehended it nor cared to try. His plots were all come to naught, and the sudden sight of the sister whom he had so grievously harmed had completely unmanned him. He would have passed on without a word, but the other would not be denied, and would have insisted still farther. Williams broke savagely away, the moonbeams, drifting through the trees, glinting upon the barrel of the revolver which he flourished.

"To h — with the boys! Stand aside, or I will put you out of my way!"

"In the Devil's name, go on, then. You threw some work in my way, and, though it may be my death, I would, traitor as they think me, have paid you for it. If you dare brave them, I shan't interfere. It's myself that's in bloody danger this minute."

How near he spoke the truth he did not know.

Caleb Williams gave an uneasy stare at the speaker, then walked on. He had no settled idea whither he was going—he only sought to quiet the whirling, rushing, roaring, that sounded in his ears like the steady echo of a cataract.

A few steps farther. The moonbeams shone more brightly on his path; beyond, the interlocked trees stood in dark and sombre silence. He looked into their depths in a dazed sort of way.

That was a suspicious rustling, and was it a whisper he heard?

Then out of the darkness there flashed a tongue of flame, a sharp report rang along the hillside, and Caleb Williams pitched heavily to the ground, with the life-blood welling from a jagged, ghastly, fatal wound in his forehead.

THE END.

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WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE.

It is to be confessed that there are certain features about the modern society drama which are exceedingly pleasant—especially for the young man who plays the lover. We assume, of course, that every modern society drama has a lover, who is not to be confounded with the husband of the lady who is loved. In the realistic scene before you, for example, the young man with the comprehensive moustache is a lover. His chief business in the play is to clasp to his immaculate shirt-front the shapely form of another man's wife. [This, you understand, is in the play.] He does some other minor things, such as sighing and quoting lines from Byron and changing his clothes with each act; but the really artistic part of the role lies in the caressing business. Therein the young man with the comprehensive moustache is acknowledged to be without an equal. It cannot be said that he is without a rival, because of the husband; but, then, he is a rival who gives no trouble until the last act. Now, if the character of the wavering wife were only played by some unattractive woman—one without teeth, for example, or one with a flourishing crop of freckles—the part of the lover would not be apt to excite envy in the breasts of the elderly gentlemen who sit in front; but it invariably happens that the prettiest woman in the company is the one selected for the part, and hence the aforementioned elderly gentlemen look upon the unprincipled lover as a deuced lucky fellow. To be sure, in the play from which the accompanying scene is taken, the lover with the excess of moustache and lack of principle is shot in a duel which occurs in the last act. The repentant wife then returns to the open arms of her husband, and the curtain goes down on virtue triumphant, and all that sort of thing. But while the end is thus made to conform to the strict rules of propriety, it cannot be denied that the beginning and the middle are strongly suggestive of the pleasures of sin. For while the lover goes through four acts clasping another man's wife to his bosom, the other man gets a chance to perform that ceremony only at the very last moment, and while the curtain is being rung down. Hence it happens that almost any fellow would rather be the lover, even if he does get shot in the final act.

ID'S A WEISS-BIER DOT KNOWS IDS OWN SCHOONER.

TO MINE FRIEND EDDIE DERR.

Vile journeying drough life, my sharming young friend,
Keeb your eyes shdraighd ahead—don'd look back;
Go smoodly along, and you'll very soon found
Dot you re shibbing adoen ter Fadel drack.
Be gareful vor yourself, your naypors and all,
Und you'll sound dot sood, lader or sooner—
Dere's drutd in der maxim I rife you just here:
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own schooner.

How many a mans, und a vomans likevise,
Dot hafe shdarded mit hearts light und gay,
Bud sickness und sorrow—dem Sourmese Dwins—
Hafe snadched all deir prighd hobes avay.
Keeb up your nerf, dough your head drails der eround,
Und you vas oney a beeanner-duner;
Remember der broferb I dold you pefore:
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own schooner.

Dere vas vonce a boy—G. W. his name—
Mit his hammer he cud down a dree;
Ven his farder said: "Son, who shbilt me dot blum?"
Dot poy, he vouldn't lie—no, sir-ee!
He glied him a bup for nod doiding a lie
Dot vas neider a shbits or a sooner;
On der collar vas wrode, in a nice leedle node:
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own schooner.

Vile drafling along drough life's busy drong,
No madder verefer you go,
Keeb righd shdraighd ahead, be alife, don't vent dead,
Und der vorld dot vill gafe you a show.
No madder at mosdis you meed on der hand—
Shnare drombone or German fudoona—
Of you don'd vas doo flad, blow away just like—vell,
Id's a weiss-bier dot knows ids own schooner.

"OOFTY GOOFF."

THE POETRY OF PANTOMIMIC MOTION.

This picturesque scene from an entirely new pantomime, bearing the fresh and novel title "Humpty Dumpty," is in itself worth the price of admission to THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. The intelligent spectator will not need to be told that these two figures represent our old friends Harlequin and Columbine. Probably no combination of stars have ever traveled together so long as the luminaries of the pantomime. Their lustre lights the dark ages of the past and throws a glamour over the rough outlines of the present. [We had intended that sentence for a five-act heroic drama, but we throw it in here regardless of cost.] You may observe that the agile Harlequin and the dove-like Columbine [here is where we get in our classical knowledge, the Latin for dove being *columba*] illustrate most strikingly the poetry of pantomimic motion. In the olden time, Harlequin was really the star of the piece, the Clown playing an unimportant part. He will doubtless regain his prestige when the present impersonator becomes known to the public. As for our Columbine, her manifold merits cannot fail to make themselves apparent at a glance. She is beautiful beyond question—so beautiful that a man might be pardoned for envying Harlequin the delightful proximity which he bears to her. We may explain in confidence, however, that, while this attitude is exceedingly graceful, it is also very difficult to maintain; for, in spite of her fairly-like appearance, Miss Columbine is a healthy girl who turns the scales at 130lb. Harlequin just now wears the magic cap which is supposed to make him invisible. If he is ever troubled by a too-obtrusive landlady, he will doubtless put on this cap and change his boarding-place.

"THE POOR PLAYER."

TO GEORGE THATCHER, COMEDIAN, BY J. E.

As an actor I'm known all around this wide world,
The papers often mention my name,
While critics in vain try to injure me much,
And new yet only add to my fame.
"Crush him!" they cried when I acted abroad,
Where, in London, I opened as "star."
And gained great applause by my playing of Claude,
Which was better than Barrett's by far.

Spoken.—I shall never forget my opening night in London. The nobility flocked to see me from all sides. They came in on trains, coupes, busses, and *complimentaries*, and next morning the press exclaimed in universal voice, that—

Chorus.—My Hamlet is great, my King Lear is first-rate—
Just best of all Richard the Third;
And the people all say that the star of the day?
Is the sure paying card Yakoob Bird.

I took to the stage when a very young man,
Playing parts where I spoke but a line,
And now I will tell how I made a great Rebellion,
And the clown in a long pantomime;
But I'm sorry to say that, while acting one night—
I think 'twas in "Blackeyed Susanna"—
A gallery god hit me full in the mouth
With a thoroughly decayed banana.

Spoken.—Yes! would you believe it, they actually frescoed my Thespian physiognomy with unpalatable fruit as an advanced mode of decomposition! But the plebeian herd were jealous of my masterly interpretation of Shakespeare, for they well know that—

Chorus.—My Hamlet is great, etc.

When in Boston I played, why, I acted my best—
To advantage I showed in all scenes—
But when I appeared as "Hamlet the Dane"
I was awfully peppered with beans;
To the footlights I rushed, endeavored to speak,
In vain I beseeched them to hear;
"Give your bellus a rest!" cried a fellow in front
As he fired a stale egg at my ear.

Spoken.—Oh! that this too solid flesh might melt, rather than be subjected to insults vile; but never mind, the day is not far distant when even my bitterest enemies will admit that—

Chorus.—My Hamlet is great, etc.

At the close of the week an old manager said,
As he looked with disgust at the mob:
"McCullough and Booth are both jealous of you,
And I think that they put up this job."
Now, that is the way a good actor is killed,
Buried, sword, bucklers and all;
But Jakoob still lives to enact tragedy,
As they cannot "push him to the wall."

Spoken.—No! they cannot crush me, the penny-a-liners; for the shades of departed poets protect me from their cowardly attacks. They all know that I'm an artist. They've seen me in everything from "Nick of the Woods" up to that romantic American idyl "Patsey Bolivar." They scoff at me and laugh at my efforts, but ha! ha! ha! the day *will* come when they will bend the knee, and sorrowfully admit that—

Chorus.—My Hamlet is great, etc.

Detroit, Jan. 20, 1879.

THE ORIGINAL GRIMALDI.

Permit us to call your attention to the only original Grimaldi, who has been resuscitated for the express purpose of appearing in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. He thought he had gained honors enough during his lifetime, but, watching the progress of events from the shadowy realms beyond, Joseph was seized with a burning desire to return to this sphere and give the patrons of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES a specimen of his abilities. Resuscitation is an expensive luxury, but for the sake of accommodating Joseph, as well as with a view to procuring an immense attraction, we cheerfully paid the bill. Grimaldi appears before you precisely as he did in his palmiest days. "Bravo Sadler! bravo Wells—days when he made everybody in London laugh, from the pot-boy in the gallery to Lord Byron in his box. Speaking of boxes, it is a pity that the famous clown was forced to part with the silver snuff-box which the author of "Don Juan" gave him as a farewell present. Perhaps you have heard how Grimaldi once worked a miracle while on the stage. The story is vouched for by so good authority as *Temple Bar*, and it runs something like this: A party of sailors once attended the theatre where Grimaldi was playing, and among their number was a man who had been deaf and dumb for years. The clown was at his best that night, and no one enjoyed his antics more than this lone fisherman, who at last astounded his companions by shouting out: "What a damn funny fellow!" "What, Jack! can you speak?" exclaimed his friends. "Aye, and hear, too!" was the reply. The poor fellow's desire to express his delight was so violent that it broke the bonds which had held him so long, and thus Grimaldi made the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. We would particularly recommend all our deaf and dumb patrons to profit by this example, and not permit the present golden opportunity of witnessing the great clown to pass unimproved. One look at Joseph's mouth will do more towards encouraging a man to talk than anything we know of. And to convince the doubtful, now that we have produced the original Grimaldi, we shall spare neither pains nor expense until we have discovered the identical sailor upon whom the miracle was worked. When we get him we shall exhibit him.

LOOKING FOR DATES.

Good-morning, Mr. Agent—
Anything new to-day?
Heard from his nibs in Boston?
What! Says he never heard of us?
Well, he must have a check—
We've been together for the last ten years,
And never lost a wreck.
Cull, we have the finest wardrobe,
And all our acts are new:
My partner he can do the flip,
And I can do one too.
Our breakneck biz it is immense,
We're sure to kill them dead;
My pard he turns a double
And stands right on his head;
We also do a double clog,
Or on the end can sit—
New York, Jan. 19, 1879.

I know all the funny gags,
And my partner does the split;
We also do an Irish act,
And I can walk the rope,
Do straight biz for a stump speech,
And we furnish our own soap;
I can sing a ballad, dance a fling,
Or do the man-fish act.
I work in dramas, am a funny clown,
And can split them up the back;
So there must be a sad mistake,
Or the bill be too high.
You can't be up with cullies
Who think they are too fly.
So just drop him another line
And tell him what we do,
And if you cannot catch a hundred
Take twenty for the two!

C. F. J.

AT FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C., IN 1864.

Owen Fawcett contributes the bill of which a copy is appended. This is the theatre in which President Lincoln was assassinated April 14, 1865, and since that time it has never been used for theatrical amusements. John T. Ford still manages theatres in Washington and Baltimore, and his son, H. Clay Ford, is interested with him; H. B. Phillips is still before the public; C. S. Getz, the scenic artist, is now at the Boston (Mass.) Theatre; Susan Denin died in Bluffton, Ind., Dec. 4, 1875; James A. Herne and Charles B. Bishop are acting in San Francisco, Cal.; Robert Struthers still follows the profession; Owen Fawcett is at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, in this city; J. Clinton Hall is before the public; George Becks is proprietor of two jewelry stores in this city, and occasionally appears upon the stage; W. J. Ferguson still follows his profession; Matt O'Brien has retired, and is connected with the Southern Express Company in Augusta, Ga.; Frank Murdoch died in Philadelphia Nov. 13, 1872; Mr. Cariand is a costumer in this city; J. V. Daily is acting in Philadelphia, Pa.; Anderson, Morgan, Matthews and Morton were myths; Mrs. Helen Muzzy died in Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1870; Mrs. C. B. Bishop is in retirement in San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Henrietta Osborne is also in retirement; Miss Minnie Monk is now playing in the Fifth-avenue Theatre, in this city; Miss Ada Monk was recently acting in the Park Theatre here. The Misses Dunn, Magee and Preston are still engaged in Washington.

FORD'S THEATRE,
Tenth street, above E.
John T. Ford.....Proprietor and Manager
(Also of Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore).
H. B. Phillips.....Stage-manager
H. Clay Ford.....Treasurer

SEASON 1864. WEEK XLIV. NIGHT 259.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 24, '64.

Brilliant success of the gorgeous fable of the Orient, dramatised from the famous Arabian Nights, entitled

ALI BABA;

with Gorgeous Oriental Scenery, by Messrs. C. S. Getz and J. Lamb. Enchanted Views, Splendid Costumes and Exquisite Music. MISS SUSAN DENIN and all the favorites will appear in the following unequaled distribution of characters:

Morgiana, Cassim Baba's slave.....Miss Susan Denin
Hassarac, Lieutenant of the Banditti.....J. A. Herne
Ali Baba, a poor woodcutter (THIEVES).....C. B. Bishop
Cassim Baba, a rich merchant, and brother to the woodcutter.....Mr. Struthers
Mustapha, a cobbler.....O. S. Fawcett
Abdallah, captain of the robbers.....J. C. Hall
Ganem, Ali Baba's son.....Mr. G. Becks
Ali Em.....Mr. Murray
Laibon.....Robbers.....Mr. Ferguson
Beebo.....Mr. O'Brien
Selim.....Mr. Murdoch
Asip.....Mr. Cariand
Orcorbran, Enchanter of the Black Rock and protector of the robbers.....J. V. Daily
Zaida.....Mrs. Muzzy
Cogia Babe.....Mrs. Bishop

WILD ROSE OF ERIN.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. K. JOHNSON. RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HARRY CARTER.

Sweet Geraldine, agra, my blessed wild flower,
Wilt thou not feel one regret when we part?
Wilt thou love me, my darling, my beautiful colleen?
Sure, thou art the pride and delight of my heart.
The roses may fade and the hair of may come, love,
Still true to thy bonny brown eyes I'll remain;
I'll make me a fortune, and sure, then, my darling,
I'll return to the land of dear shamrock again.

Asthore, asthore, machree!
My sweet wild rose of Erin;
Sure thou art the pulse of my soul,
Bonny, brave-hearted Geraldine.

Sweet Geraldine, agra, my blessed wild flower,
Just under the hawthorn bedge, down by the stream,
I'll build us, my darling, a sweet little shieling,
Where we may revel in love's fondest dream.

Sure, mavourneen, thou'lt wait for thine ever true lover
When I come to Columbia, o'er the far-distant sea;
Though the sun may shine brightly, the days will pass slowly,
The moments will all seem like long years to me.

Chorus.

Asthore, asthore, machree, etc.

Sweet Geraldine, agra, my blessed wild flower,
O'er the pearly-tilled sands the mavourneen wave break
In mimic endeavors like sighing of winds.
And moonbeams are falling soft over the lake;
I swear by them all, and thy bright eyes as well, love,
As true as the heaven I'll come back to thee
When my fortune I've made in grand old America,
Dear land of liberty, across the blue sea.

Chorus.

Asthore, asthore, machree, etc.

THE LOVE THAT SLAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

As some young, graceful flower with clasping leaves
Hideth a dewdrop in its challiced breast,
Till to its fragrant heart the mildew cleaves,
And fades the radiance of its tinted vest,
So, oft the maiden curtains with her heart
The little gem of love that lurk'eth there,
Till one by one peace, freshness, health, depart,
And earth, the tomb and cradle of despair,
Shrouds her insensate form and buries all her care.

And such a form—so beautiful, so cold—
Late in the shadowed room of death I saw,
Slain by strong love that, smothering untold,
Consumed the tables of its secret law.
Gently and noiselessly the links of life
Untwined. It had been sin to weep
When mercy sealed her tortured bosom's strife,
And 'mid the twilight silence dim and deep
Death fell on her calm brow like a most holy sleep.

It seems but yesterday, with bounding tread,
She sprang before me like a woodland fay,
While her rich voice exulting o'er me shed
With the blithe music of her joyous lay:
But passion came to her sweet solitude,
And soon her carol faded to a moan:
She could not tell her love when all unwooed;
She could not stem its current or defy.
So drank it with her soul, and then—lay down to die.

W. R. H.

BLACK UPON YELLOW:
A TALE OF THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY RICHMOND THATCHER,

Author of "La Belle Americaine," "Martha's Pride," Etc.

CHAPTER VI.—HOW THE GAME BEGAN.

Just before the starting of the steamer before described, the crowning triumph in my career as an actor came—more through the force of adventitious circumstances, perhaps, than by any merits of my own. An eminent tragedienne had played in the Melbourne Theatre at which I was engaged, and had gone through a province and to the neighboring colonies on a starring tour. I had played several parts with her, and she was good enough to compliment me on their rendition. I happened to be cast for some characters requiring the portrayal of sentiment, and, inspired by her genius, and a desire to succeed, I threw into my acting all the intelligence I possessed. This bore good fruit; for she, being in Adelaide, her agent wrote and offered me a position as "leading juvenile" in a company they were forming to play there and in other towns through Australia. He explained that his then "leading juvenile" would still be retained, but that his principal required me to appear with her in certain parts—lovers chiefly—most of which he named. I had not dreamt of such a stroke of fortune. It was virtually the leading position in the company; for though the characters did not include the great roles of English drama, they demanded softness and intellectuality, and it was evident that I had been deemed the best man at their disposal for the purpose. My engagement at the Melbourne theatre was just finished, and on my telling the manager of the offer, he advised me to accept it, congratulating me on my good luck, and expressing his regret that I was about to leave. With what pride I hastened to tell my dear Grace! My feelings were only those of satisfaction and pride. The thought of leaving Melbourne and her did not interfere to any great extent with the pleasure I experienced at being raised to what I looked upon as a very pinnacle of greatness. I knew there would be an interruption to our active courtship, but it would only hasten the time when I should return to make her my wife without fear of being unable to provide her with a fitting home. Grace, poor girl, though proud that I had been so singularly favored, felt the approaching separation keenly. She did not offer any obstacle, but she seemed very much distressed, and showed a dread of our separation that was at once flattering and womanly. We had been courting for some time, and loved her very dearly, and had done so since I first saw her. I met her first in her daily journeys to and from the practice-rooms attached to a fashionable music-seller's shop in Collins street, Melbourne, where she held a respectable and somewhat onerous position. I sought and obtained an introduction, and found that, though nearly alone in the world, she was respectable, amiable, and in every way fitted for a man's wife. We had neither money, or, in fact, any close friends, and we both lived in a world of our own. I saw her regularly to her place of business, and, when practicable, escorted her home, and whenever I was not "cast" at night, used to take long walks through the streets, talking and "spooning" as lovers are wont to do, exchanging confidences and assurances of love and truth. In this we were particularly well suited to each other, having many tastes in common. Our intercourse never seemed to produce attrition, and we rarely had any of those petty lovers' quarrels that, though generally resulting in a renewal of love, often lead to chronic mistrust and loss of confidence. It was her utter reliance upon me, her entire resignation of herself without any loss of womanly pride, combined with her sweetness of character, that bound me to her with chains stronger than imperiousness or exacting prudery could have forged. Perhaps there was a little too secure a sense of possession on my part that caused me to estimate her love too lightly, for men are ever selfish, and do not prize so highly as they should hearts that are given wholly unto them, but even now, looking back upon that happy time, I cannot charge myself with anything approaching neglect or indifference. I believe I would have lain down my life for her had occasion demanded.

It is necessary now to refer briefly to a period in my life to which I did then, and always shall, look back upon with shame and sorrow. About twelve months previously I had met a girl part which brought out all the advantages of face and figure that I possessed, I attracted the marked attention of a lady who for several nights occupied a private box in the theatre. An interview, sought rather by her than me, followed, and shortly led to an infatuation on my part—excusable enough when the beauty and many advantages of mind and person possessed by its object are considered.

Nita Fennendos was a widow, and one of the most fascinating and beautiful women in Melbourne. She had, too, great intellectual powers, which, had they been cultivated in early life, would have enabled her to aspire to a high position in the world. As it was, she was the leader of a certain class, and possessed extraordinary influence over those with whom she came in contact. That influence she almost invariably exerted for evil. Cursed by an ungovernable love for admiration, and a wanton, changeful passion, she could number her victims by scores. To love her and to have that love returned was to live in a fury of passion—a volcano that burnt but never purified. Gifted with marvelous beauty, a charm of manner that, when exerted, was irresistable, keen wit, and a wonderful amount of general knowledge—considering her opportunities for acquiring any in early life—she was bourgeoise Aspasia. Proud of her accomplishments, conscious of her beauty, aspiring as any woman could be, she determined to use all her advantages of mind and person to enslave and madden men whom she for a time toyed with, as a cat gently strokes a mouse she inevitably intends to crush. During the first stages of these *liaisons*, which she could number by scores, she often abandoned herself to spasmodic passions and a reveling in delirious abandonment and fierceness of self; but she never been known to let any one of these fitful interludes develop into constancy or anything worthy to be dignified by the name of love. She excused herself by fancying that she was entitled to revenge herself upon the world which had treated her unfairly. Her career had indeed been somewhat extraordinary, though it was similar to that of many women of her class. Neglected and treated as a drudge in her girlhood, she had seen life in many phases before she became a woman—nurse-girl, milliner, barmaid, and lodging-house keeper. She claimed to have been married, but was reticent about her husband, though a wedding-ring on her finger was conspicuously displayed. In fact, she was an adventuress; a beautiful one, an aspiring, imperious, designing, reckless woman, who, though ever ready to abandon herself to passion, never forgot herself long, but kept a remarkably keen and flashing eye upon the main chance. Into the hands of such a woman did I temporarily resign myself, and I believe that for a time my passion was returned. Our connection at first was a mutual, delirious, raving love, that we thought would be too high. Of course we soon wearied of each other, and could not bear separation. This was naturally succeeded by a period of mistrust and jealousy, which gave place in its turn to bitter recrimination and hate, with intervals of reconciliations. Such a degradation of love—unhallowed by any tie of marriage, or real

whose coat is covered with diamonds, who makes the acquaintance of a petite dame, and returns a few instants afterwards like a plucked peacock, all his precious stones having disappeared.

"ON SERVICE, OR A SOLDIER'S LIFE."

Such is the title of a serio-comic drama, in three acts, by West Digges, which received its first representation in Derby, Eng., Dec. 26.

The story is founded on one of the Christmas pieces by Charles Dickens. It deals with a young man named Richard Goldie, who, having been lured from the path of virtue by bad companions, and consequently discarded by the girl he loves, enlists for a soldier. His is one of the black sheep of the regiment, and has suffered incarceration in the black-hole. Mary Marshall, who had, it appears, some time previously left her home in the country to live in London for the purposes of watching over and lending money to the wayward Richard, has not forgotten him. It is at her request that Captain Thornton speaks to Goldie, and attempts to rouse the "man" in him. The result is successful. Goldie sees the error of his way, determines to lead a different life, and, after a prolonged interview with Mary, leaves to join his regiment, which has been drafted for active service. The horrors of war have commenced, and Mrs. Thornton and Mary Marshall go to Brussels for the purpose of attending upon the wounded soldiers. Goldie distinguishes himself by his bravery, and is promoted to a captaincy. He is wounded, and is brought to the hotel where Mrs. Thornton is staying. On being interrogated as to the result of the battle, he lapses into a state of delirium, and fights his battle over again. We learn there has been a great victory, that the English have won the day, and that Captain Thornton, Mrs. Thornton's son, has been killed. The third act, a masterpiece of complication, "talkiness" and ridiculousness, would ruin any play. The negotiations for peace have been concluded, and Mrs. Thornton and Mary Marshall are staying at the chateau of Major Rochelle, a French officer, who is in love with Mary. Thinking to ingratiate himself in Mrs. Thornton's favor, with a view of securing her aid in his love-suit, Rochelle invites Goldie, who has recovered, to come over. In attempting to tell of his love for Mary, Rochelle, through the slight command he has over our rugged English tongue, causes Mrs. Thornton to think he is proposing to herself. However, becoming aware of the engagement which exists between Goldie and Mary, he determines to continue his conversation on the subject of love with Mrs. Thornton, as though he had been speaking of her in the first instance. The result is not satisfactorily cleared up. The intricacy is now intensified. Previous to Goldie's arrival, Mary is asked to write a letter to an "English stranger," stating her name is not Mary Marshall, and that she is in love with a gallant soldier. Goldie arrives, and is eager to see his betrothed, but is not permitted to do so by Mrs. Thornton, who comes upon the scene in a ludicrously semi-accidental manner. A long, tedious conversation ensues, at the end of which, after chiding Goldie on his forgetfulness, the lady obtains the facts relative to her son's death. She then needlessly causes Goldie much perturbation with regard to Mary; aggravated, for some reason unexplained, by her presenting him the ridiculous letter previously alluded to. Mary enters while he is perusing it, throws her arms around his neck, and—tableau.

"SUZANNA,"

a new comic opera, in three acts, words by MM. Lockroy and Cormon, music by M. Paladilhe, has been produced at the Opera Comique, Paris.

The scene is laid in England, and the first scene shows the meeting of the heroine with Richard, the hero. Suzanne, an orphan without means, has run away from the farm-house of an aunt who rendered her life miserable. The girl had a taste for art, and a great fancy for reading Shakespeare, predilections which her relative took good care not to encourage. So she quits the home in which she had been treated so ill, and is going to the world with very uncertain views as to her future, when, as just mentioned, she meets Richard in a wood. Naturally, the young man falls in love at first sight, and when he hears his pretty companion's tale offers to conduct her to the nearest town, which happens to be Cambridge. In the second act we find the little heroine completely metamorphosed. Her meeting with Richard has so changed her intentions as he had formed regarding the life she was to pursue that she has adopted male attire, and has become a student at the university. Richard alone knows the secret of her sex, but Suzanne's conduct is irreproachable, and her chief book of study is the immortal William. One day, however, Richard is so overpowered by his deep affection for her as momentarily to forget the prudent reserve he had hitherto maintained, and he makes a warm declaration of his love. This is overheard by a fellow-student named Dalton, and Suzanne's reputation is thenceforth compromised—in fact, the rumor is started that she is Richard's mistress. This suspicion, which soon reaches her ears, is enough to make her reject the young man's honorable suit, and also induces her to remove from Cambridge, and she leaves, throwing all the blame of her ruined name on the unfortunate Richard, who has really been guilty of only one fault—that of allowing his companion to be insulted without teaching her calumniators a severe lesson. In the third act Suzanne has become the queen of English tragic art. All London is at her feet, some courting her with honorable intentions, and others with motives very different. But the actress desires to remain faithful to her art and to Shakespeare, when Richard unexpectedly appears on the scene. He has been through the Indian campaign, and has returned home covered with glory. His love for Suzanne has not lessened; but she, far from listening to his entreaties, upbraids him for the stigma which he had brought upon her name in times past. Dalton had offered her his hand, and Suzanne tells Richard she is about to accept it. The latter at once challenges his rival, the duel takes place, and, after Richard has completely escaped from the result arrives Suzanne is led to believe Richard has been killed. Her outburst of passionate grief shows at once that her love was really given to her old college companion. Dalton, on perceiving this, generously resigns his claim to her hand, and all ends happily.

"MADAME FAVART,"

a three-act operetta by M. Offenbach, has been brought out with success at the Folies-Dramatiques, Paris. The libretto is by MM. Chivot and Duru, and the plot is highly amusing. The story is founded on the persistent court paid by Marshal Saxe to the fameus actress and songstress who became wife of the composer Favart, later on appointed manager of the Opera Comique, which still bears his name.

In the first act we find Favart at an inn at Biscotin, in Artois, where he is waiting to conceal himself. His wife has been shut up in a convent, from which she makes her escape in disguise, and endeavors to join her husband; but he cannot leave his hiding place without incurring the danger of falling into the hands of the Marshal's soldiers. She fortunately meets young Hector De Boispreau, who has come to solicit from the Governor, the Marquis de Pontsable, the post of Lieutenant of Police, without which Major Cologne refuses to accord to him the hand of his daughter, Susanne. The Marquis is an old gallant, who only exercises his patronage in favor of married men, and on a personal application by their wives, Justine undertakes to obtain for Boispreau the place desired on condition that when he is once Lieutenant of Police he will assist her and her husband to procure the release of Favart, himself as Madame De Boispreau and obtains the post for Hector. She had little fear of Ponstable, for a woman who had resisted successfully the greatest soldier and one of the handsomest men of the day could easily defend herself against an old provincial governor. In the second act Boispreau has married Susanne, and Favart and his wife are concealed with them as their cook and serving-maid. However, in his interview with Justine, had fallen in love with her, and, still believing her to be the wife of Boispreau, comes and installs himself with the Lieutenant of Police. He had, besides, received secret information that Madame Favart is concealed there. Justine is, therefore, obliged to pass herself off again as the wife of the Lieutenant; and Susanne, dressed as the waiting-maid, is taken Justine, and sent off to play before Marshal Saxe at the camp at Fontenoy. The substitution would be discovered there, but Boispreau and the real Madame Favart arrive, disguised as Syrolean singers, and play before the King with such success that he promises them his protection. All difficulties are cleared up, excepting for Pontsable, who is not only bewildered with all these changes, but is shocked at the anger of Marshal, and is dismissed from his post. As the curtain falls the heroine informs her husband that she has obtained his appointment as director of the Opera Comique Mlle. Gelabart as first prima donna, Mlle. Gelabart as Mme. De Boispreau, and M. Lopers as Favart.

"JOLLIBOY'S WOES"

is the name of a mirth-provoking farce by Chas. S. Fawcett, recently produced at the Olympic Theatre, London. The story runs thus:

Samson Goliath Herring, a bachelor, Daniel Gunter has lived in the early days of their manhood been confirmed bachelors and sworn women haters. When, after the lapse of years, they meet in Jolliboy's apartments, it soon becomes apparent that they have exercised the land of liberty and latchkeys for the thraldom of matrimony. Gunter's case is bad enough, but Jolliboy's is worse. He has joined the Mormons. He is afflicted with four wives, and has left them all to London. What wonder that he becomes the object of Gunter's irreverent mirth and the target for the shafts of his ridicule. In comes Deborah Matilda Jane, the wife number one, to ask Samson, whom she terms "Sam," to take her to the opera. Next appears Susannah Maria Lucy, wife number two, who wants to be taken to the play. They are succeeded by Mary Ann Ophelia and Poppy Lorraine, wives three and four, who are compelled to a women's-rights meeting at Exeter Hall and the other demanding Jolliboy's company at an inspection of mummies at the British Museum. Under these circumstances Jolliboy finds it necessary to ask his friend Gunter, who, prior to taking his leave, advises a shilling cab-ride to Waterloo Bridge and a plunge into the dark, damp stream which flows beneath, he coming to the conclusion that his friend's troubles are his own, with the exception that he is a perfect angel. Perhaps he does not think so when Mrs. G. lays hands on him and drags him by force into Jolliboy's house to face the ladies with whom she imagines he has been flirting. Perhaps, too, Jolliboy does not regard her in that light when, cold and dripping, he is carried in by hands that have rescued him from a watery grave.

"A HIGHLAND FLING,"

a new farce by Joseph J. Dilley, was first acted at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, Jan. 4. The plot is as follows:

Tom Flukes, being in love with Seraphina, the daughter of Mr. Popples de Lion Popples, a tobacconist, whose shop is opposite Clarkenwell Prison, fancying he has killed an antagonist in a fight, comes to his lady love for shelter, and, as Mr Popples is expecting home a new figure of a Highlander for his front door, Seraphina proposes to disguise her lover in a Highland costume, which happens to be in the house. Mean while Sergeant Stocks, a detective, has been ordered to watch Clerkenwell Prison, having received information that one of the inmates meditates escaping therefrom. He also conceives the idea of impersonating a Highlander and standing at the door. Some of the most amusing stage-business springs from the difficulty the two Highlanders find in carrying out their respective plans. Just when they discover that they cannot hold out much longer Bill Barleywags, a country lover of Seraphina, arrives; but, as he has little to do with the plot, but the devices of the two Highlanders are now revealed, and the individual supposed to have been killed has come to life again; and, Mr. Barleywags being discarded by Seraphina in favor of Tom Flukes, all ends happily.

CRICKET.

AUSTRALIAN vs. ENGLISH.

The grand match announced to be played at Melbourne, Australia, on Dec. 26, 27, 28, 1878, between Lord Harris' English eleven and Captain Gregory's Australian team—just arrived from the United States—did not take place at the time appointed, another contest being substituted, the English team playing against a fifteen of Victoria. This latter match, played on the Melbourne Club grounds, lasted three days, and terminated in a draw. The fifteen, who were once afield in the town went to the wickets, and accumulated the respectable score of 313. This number the Englishmen exceeded by eighteen, a capital performance with fifteen in the field. In their second inning the Victorians amassed 214, and as there was no possible chance of finishing the game it was declared drawn. In all, 826 runs were scored in three innings. The match with the Australian tourists was played Jan. 2, 3, 4, 1879, and it resulted in the signal defeat of the English team, who were completely beaten by the Victorians. In this match Lord Harris' Eleven were first to bat, and were disposed of for the moderate score of 113. During the innings of the Australians the weakness of the English bowling was very apparent, and, despite good fielding, the Colonials accumulated 236 runs. An improvement was shown in the second inning by the visitors, who put together 160. This left the Australians but 18 runs to get to win, a number which was obtained without any loss, so that the Antipodeans gained a victory by ten wickets. With this match the brilliant tour of the famous Australian Eleven terminated, and the players have now dispersed to their respective residences. Ameet the reception given to Gregory's team on their arrival at Sydney, it is stated that they met with a most enthusiastic reception, the Mayor presenting them with an address on behalf of the citizens, and a public banquet being given in their honor, at which the Governor of New South Wales presided. Captain Conway is going to publish a book of the eleven's tour, written for the Australian market. It will probably be interesting reading for Messrs. Harry Brown, George Newhall, and the Brothers Osterbridge of Philadelphia.

CURLING MATCHES.—A series of games played recently resulted as follows: Jan. 20, at Chatham, Ont., Detroit vs. Chatham, 47 to 38..... Jan. 21, at Toronto, Ont., Caledonian of Toronto and Toronto Club, four rinks, 92 to 66; Scarboro vs. Caledonian, four rinks, 101 to 96.....Guelph vs. Fergus, at Guelph, Ont., three rinks, the former team winning by a score of 77 to 60. Same day, the Port Hopes played a match with the Lindsay eleven at Port Hope, Ont., two rinks, the former winning by a score of 43 to 39. Jan. 22, at Central Park, Manhaitan vs. Newark, 18 to 15. Same day and place, Paterson vs. Thistle, 19 to 18. Jan. 23, at Toronto or at Scarboro, six rinks being laid out, and the Caledonians defeating the Maple Leafs by 107 to 86. Jan. 24, at Central Park, N. Y., two rinks—New York, 50; Empire City, 30. Jan. 27, Ivanhoe and New York, two rinks, 39 to 37.

GEORGE F. SLOSSON.

Always baffled in his endeavors to acquire the championship, alike in the initial tournament games and in the supplemental matches, nevertheless the expert whose portrait is here presented has at various periods acquitted himself of billiard feats bordering upon the marvelous. In the matter of highest run at the three-ball game, William Sexton and he have always been mentioned among the cities of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, St. Paul, Minn., and Brockville, Canada, the bulk of his life has been passed in the Empire State. Almost all our leading billiard-players are younger than they look. Slosson was the winner of a tournament when he had just completed his seventeenth year, and he played public matches when he was but sixteen. Born in De Kalb, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., he first handled cue in Watertown, in that State, and thence he went to Cleveland, O., procuring employment in the billiard-room of the Kennard House. It was about 1869 that, coming to this city for the first time, he was similarly engaged in billiard-rooms here. Since then, however, he remained but a while here long, and has been a roamer as far as San Francisco. Without entering upon an actual count, it is pretty safe to assert that he has been engaged in more public contests than any other player now active as such, and that his public career covers a greater period than that of any other expert actually in service at present, with the exception of Rudolphe. Spite of his defeat in a totally unexpected quarter on Thursday night last, he still holds the French third prize in the pending tourney, and stands a fair chance to secure first, the only weighty opponent he has now to meet, unless he should be tied by Sexton, being Schaefer, whom he has encountered in four games of record thus far, and always beaten, the last time on Nov. 20, 1878, at the North-side Turner Hall, Chicago, by 1,000 to 739.

The contest at night introduced Sexton and Rudolphe. Just before starting the latter bet $10 against $20, and a few minutes later $10 against $100. Then play began, Sexton winning the lead. It may be called the "bridge" game, Sexton having to use that instrument at least thirty times, notwithstanding he has much the longer reach, while Rudolphe had to fall back upon it fully fifteen times. There was no "rail-nursing." At no time were thirty-five consecutive caroms made by nursing in any shape. Sexton rose to five times. Six times he played the spot-stroke, counting five times, and missing by a hair at the sixth and last essay. A dozen times or more the balls straightened out on him, and five or six times he had to go twice "around-the-table" for caroms. Towards the end, when he had a lead of hundreds, he seemingly "let up" on his antagonist; but in reality he was fatigued, able to spurt, but not equal to any sustained effort. Could Rudolphe have played just a little bit, he would have beaten Sexton before the game was two-thirds old; for the latter, apart from frequently giving evidence that he has fallen off in play, was in the worst luck that ever arrayed itself against a first-class wielder of the cue. Credit has been given Sexton for ignoring rail-nursing and for playing an open game. This is about as near as the average critic gets when he goes skirmishing around for a motive to fit a pretty theory. Sexton tried all he knew how to "rail-nurse," and his inability to make the thing work, in opposition to frequent "freezes" and "line-balls," was apparent alike in the disgust expressed by his features and in the remarks he made to those near at hand. He froze so often that one man surmised: "Why, he's doing it on purpose!" As a rule, theorists are young, and theories are swaddle. Every billiard player tries to make his caroms in the easiest possible way for him. It is easier for Rudolphe to make them all over the board than to keep the balls together in front of him; and Slosson finds it easier to tickle the ivories than to hammer them haphazard up and down the table. Sexton can do both; but he must have the chance first. Last Thursday night he could not nurse, and hence he did the other thing. The game is at least remarkable as showing an average of 13 for the winner without his having gone above 52 in more than one inning, and that exceptional inning crediting him with but 80. The effect of this night's play will be to make Garnier and Schaefer hold Sexton cheaply. Against them, however, he can scarcely be so unlucky as he was against Rudolphe.

GAME NO. 15—WEDNESDAY NIGHT, JAN. 29—AVERAGES.—Sexton, 13.2-46; Rudolphe, 8.39-45.

SEXTON			RUDOLPHE.			SEXTON			RUDOLPHE.		
Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Count.	Tot.		Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Count.	Tot.	
1	10		1			24	0	334	0	198	
2	0		1	2		25	0	334	16	214	
3	31	41	14	18		26	18	352	1	215	
4	41	82	4	22		27	0	352	22	237	
5	1	83	3	25		28	9	361	0	237	
6	15	98	42	65		29	40	401	1	238	
7	0	98	0	65	0	30	80	481	11	249	
8	6	104	0	65		31	0	481	14	263	
9	0	104	0	65		32	0	481	12	261	
10	3	107	8	73		33	6	487	28	289	
11	3	110	4	77		34	1	488	0	289	
12	14	124	11	88		35	4	492	0	289	
13	35	149	15	103		36	13	505	29	318	
14	51	200	17	120		37	0	505	1	319	
15	52	252	4	124		38	47	549	58	377	
16	0	252	0	124		39	0	549	0	377	
17	0	252	3	127		40	2	551	0	377	
18	2	254	11	137		41	0	551	2	379	
19	0	254	4	141		42	23	574	3	382	
20	18	272	3	144		43	2	576	1	383	
21	52	324	24	168		44	0	576	0	383	
22	10	334	2	170		45	2	578	3	386	
23	0	334	28	198		46	73	651			

The opposing players on Thursday afternoon were Schaefer and Gallagher. This was the second time that they had crossed cues in a public game, the first occasion having been in last Spring's St. Louis tournament, when the elder man was just about emerging from a condition of amateurship, having abandoned journalism to become a full-fledged professional "billiardist." Schaefer has no more reason to recall Louis now with a totally different feeling than he has to remember three other players with profound gratitude—Gallagher, Garnier and Daly; and the greatest of these to Schaefer has been Gallagher, who gave him his first start in public life by letting him run 357 and average either 60 or 66⅔ (it is a matter of some doubt which) in St. Louis last Spring. It had at first been intended to shut out the ex-journalist from the present tournament, on the ground that he is not a strong enough player for first-class work; but in St. Louis he had certainly done first-class work, which was so patent to everybody there that his right to admission here was at last so far conceded as to permit him to play a test-game with Heiser, who, not a whit stronger player than Gallagher, could demand admission upon other grounds. Gallagher beat Heiser in the test-game, and Heiser himself got in eventually through the withdrawal of Joseph Dion. Gallagher has the same kindliness of feeling for Schaefer now that he had in St. Louis ten months ago, and this was manifested Thursday afternoon by his verbally commending Schaefer's play every few minutes, although in reality there was naught specially commendable in his performances. There was one remark of Gallagher's that embodied a sound opinion: "He brings the balls together oftener than any other player I ever saw." This is exactly what this paper said last Summer; and therein alone seems to be Schaefer's special excellence. But even this is a matter of opinion. We ventured to express it last Summer, at the Dions' room, to Maurice Daly. "I don't think so," said Maurice; and that disposed of our slight knowledge of billiards and billiard-players. A reference to the score will show that the Schaefer-Gallagher game, in spite of the latter's admiration of his antagonist's play, was a rather unsteady exhibition on the part of the winner, who failed to count on every third inning, or three times oftener than Gallagher, and even more frequently than the winner of at least one game in which there were forty-six innings.

GAME NO. 16—THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 30.—AVERAGES—Winner, 9.27-46; loser, 13.14-24.

SCHAEFER.			GALLAGHER.			SCHAEFER.			GALLAGHER.		
Inn.	Co'nt.	Tot.	Count.	Tot.		Inn.	Co'nt.	Tot.	Count.	Tot.	
1	0		2			34	3	498	2	174	
2	0		2			35	5	503	3	177	
3	179		9			36	14	517	111	288	
4	9	188	5	16		37	71	574	9	297	
5	0	188	0	16		38	0	574	2	299	
6	0	188	5	21		39	2	576	1	300	
7	4	192	32	53		40	3	579	2	302	
8	2	196	9	62		41	9	588	0	302	
9	0	196	7	69		42	6	594	15	317	
10	29	225	5	74		43	5	599	4	321	
11	378	603	67	132		44	0	599	6	326	
12	308	491	34	166		45	5	600			
13	4	495	7	173							

On Wednesday afternoon Garnier had an easy conquest. Mainly by such "rail-nursing" as he and Rudolphe are capable of, the former being more expert in this specialty than is his brother-Frenchman, Heiser's opponent made a run of 220, scored chiefly on one short rail and both long ones, relieved at intervals by such open play as resulted from the striker's inability to longer keep the balls together to any advantage. With the balls in the lower corner he froze at 220, and his failure to establish communication between the ball on the lower spot and that on the upper sent him to his seat. This is the largest run he has ever made in public. It is by no means his best run in respect of merit, however, though at all points it eclipses his 176 made in the Philadelphia Centennial Tournament. Made against the feeble Heiser, his 220 is not equal to his 176 in this tournament, which was scored against Slosson; and against Slosson, also, he had previously made a run that surpasses anything else he has ever done on a billiard-table, barring that numerically it is beaten by 220. Up to that long run by Garnier the game was one of inaction, quite as much upon Garnier's part as on Heiser's.

GAME NO. 14.—WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 29.—AVERAGES—Garnier, 17.5-35; Heiser, 5.9-35.

HEISER.			GARNIER.			HEISER.			GARNIER.		
Inn.	Co'nt.	Tot.	Count.	Tot.		Inn.	Co'nt.	Tot.	Count.	Tot.	
1	0		14			28	37	361	0	248	
2	1		5	19		29	0	361	13	261	
3	2	3	0	19		30	2	363	2	263	
4	1	4	33	52		31	7	370	5	268	
5	1	5	3	55		32	7	377	1	269	
6	0	5	0	55		33	0	377	0	269	
7	10	15	2	57		34	0	377	2	271	
8	70	85	1	58		35	21	398	2	273	
9	2	87	13	71		36	2	400	0	273	
10	4	91	1	72		37	1	401	0	273	
11	13	104	0	72		38	3	404	0	273	
12	7	111	94	166		39	4	408	0	273	
13	1	112	1	167		40	4	412	2	275	
14	1	113	5	172		41	3	415	0	275	
15	4	117	3	174		42	3	418	0	275	
16	5	122	64	238		43	0	418	0	275	
17	149	271	0	238		44	1	419	0	275	
18	2	273	8	246		45	3	422	4	279	
19	13	286	0	246		46	1	423	41	320	
20	2	288	0	246		47	63	486	3	323	
21	7	295	0	246		48	3	489	3	326	
22	0	295	0	246		49	2	491	3	329	
23	0	295	3	249		50	45	536	40	369	
24	0	295	0	249		51	3	539	0	369	
25	0	295	0	249		52	3	542	0	369	
26	0	295	0	249		53	3	545	0	369	
27	79	374	0	249		54	3	548	1	370	
28	0	374	0	249		55	3	551	0	370	
29	0	374	0	249		56	0	551	0	370	
30	0	374	0	249		57	0	551	0	370	
31	0	374	0	249		58	0	551	0	370	
32	0	374	0	249		59	0	551	0	370	
33	0	374	0	249		60	0	551	0	370	
34	0	374	0	249		61	0	551	0	370	
35	0	374	0	249		62	0	551	0	370	
36	0	374	0	249		63	0	551	0	370	
37	0	374	0	249		64	0	551	0	370	
38	0	374	0	249		65	0	551	0	370	
39	0	374	0	249		66	0	551	0	370	
40	0	374	0	249		67	0	551	0	370	
41	0	374	0	249		68	0	551	0	370	
42	0	374	0	249		69	0	551	0	370	
43	0	374	0	249		70	0	551	0	370	
44	0	374	0	249		71	0	551	0	370	
45	0	374	0	249		72	0	551	0	370	
46	0	374	0	249		73	0	551	0	370	
47	0	374	0	249		74	0	551	0	370	
48	0	374	0	249		75	0	551	0	370	
49	0	374	0	249		76	0	551	0	370	
50	0	374	0	249		77	0	551	0	370	
51	0	374	0	249		78	0	551	0	370	
52	0	374	0	249		79	0	551	0	370	
53	0	374	0	249		80	0	551	0	370	
54	0	374	0	249		81	0	551	0	370	
55	0	374	0	249		82	0	551	0	370	
56	0	374	0	249		83	0	551	0	370	
57	0	374	0	249		84	0	551	0	370	
58	0	374	0	249		85	0	551	0	370	
59	0	374	0	249		86	0	551	0	370	
60	0	374	0	249		87	0	551	0	370	
61	0	374	0	249		88	0	551	0	370	
62	0	374	0	249		89	0	551	0	370	
63	0	374	0	249		90	0	551	0	370	
64	0	374	0	249		91	0	551	0	370	
65	0	374	0	249		92	0	551	0	370	
66	0	374	0	249		93	0	551	0	370	
67	0	374	0	249		94	0	551	0	370	
68	0	374	0	249		95	0	551	0	370	
69	0	374	0	249		96	0	551	0	370	
70	0	374	0	249		97	0	551	0	370	
71	0	374	0	249		98	0	551	0	370	
72	0	374	0	249		99	0	551	0	370	
73	0	374	0	249		100	0	551	0	370	
74	0	374	0	249		101	0	551	0	370	
75	0	374	0	249		102	0	551	0	370	
76	0	374	0	249		103	0	551	0	370	
77	0	374	0	249		104	0	551	0	370	
78	0	374	0	249		105	0	551	0	370	
79	0	374	0	249		106	0	551	0	370	
80	0	374	0	249		107	0	551	0	370	
81	0	374	0	249		108	0	551	0	370	
82	0	374	0	249		109	0	551	0	370	
83	0	374	0	249		110	0	551	0	370	
84	0	374	0	249		111	0	551	0	370	
85	0	374	0	249		112	0	551	0	370	
86	0	374	0	249		113	0	551	0	370	
87	0	374	0	249		114	0	551	0	370	
88	0	374	0	249		115	0	551	0	370	
89	0	374	0	249		116	0	551	0	370	
90	0	374	0	249		117	0	551	0	370	
91	0	374	0	249		118	0	551	0	370	
92	0	374	0	249		119	0	551	0	370	
93	0	374	0	249		120	0	551	0	370	
94	0	374	0	249		121	0	551	0	370	
95	0	374	0	249		122	0	551	0	370	
96	0	374	0	249		123	0	551	0	370	
97	0	374	0	249		124	0	551	0	370	
98	0	374	0	249		125	0	551	0	370	
99	0	374	0	249		126	0	551	0	370	
100	0	374	0	249		127	0	551	0	370	
101	0	374	0	249		128	0	551	0	370	
102	0	374	0	249		129	0	551	0	370	
103	0	374	0	249		130	0	551	0	370	
104	0	374	0	249		131	0	551	0	370	
105	0	374	0	249		132	0	551	0	370	
106	0	374	0	249		133	0	551	0	370	
107	0	374	0	249		134	0	551	0	370	
108	0	374	0	249		135	0	551	0	370	
109	0	374	0	249		136	0	551	0	370	
110	0	374	0	249		137	0	551	0	370	
111	0	374	0	249		138	0	551	0	370	
112	0	374	0	249		139	0	551	0	370	
113	0	374	0	249		140	0	551	0	370	
114	0	374	0	249		141	0	551	0	370	
115	0	374	0	249		142	0	551	0	370	
116	0	374	0	249		143	0	551	0	370	
117	0	374	0	249		144	0	551	0	370	
118	0	374	0	249		145	0	551	0	370	
119	0	374	0	249		146	0	551	0	370	
120	0	374	0	249		147	0	551	0	370	
121	0	374	0	249		148	0	551	0	370	
122	0	374	0	249		149	0	551	0	370	
123	0	374	0	249		150	0	551	0	370	
124	0	374	0	249		151	0	551	0	370	
125	0	374	0	249		152	0	551	0	370	
126	0	374	0	249		153	0	551	0	370	
127	0	374	0	249		154	0	551	0	370	
128	0	374	0	249		155	0	551	0	370	
129	0	374	0	249		156	0	551	0	370	
130	0	374	0	249		157	0	551	0	370	
131	0	374	0	249		158	0	551	0	370	
132	0	374	0	249		159	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTA.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 3.

LADIES' LIST.

Adell, Helen (2)
Armond, Arsena
Anderson, Mary
Audley, Oley 9c.
Brown, Lottie (p.o. m. London, Eng.)
Bryant, Nellie
Bennet, Julia (of Boylston Mus.) (3)
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Bernard, Lottie (bone-solo)
Baker, Mrs. Emma
Branscombe, Maude
Byron, Mrs. Lizzie
Blitz, Mrs. Eugene
Byron, Lizzie
Christy, Maggie
Claire, Minnie
Cottgen, Mrs. Ben
Carlisle, Ada (Dutch "bit")
Claxton, Kate
Constantine, Mrs. Eveline
Cushing, May
Duclos, Minon (3)
DeVine, Bastine (of Providence, R. I.)
Daily, Alice (of Nat's Co.)
Dillon, Rosie (of The Dillons)
D'Alvis Sisters (2)
Esmond, Minnie
Esmond, Rita
Ellis, Florence
Eagan, Jennie
Florence, Helen
Forrest, Lilhan (3)
Fresch, Nina
Farren, Mas (p. o. m. Lond'n, Eng.)
Gorman, Lottie
Grinnell Children
Heller, Miss
Hendricks, Emma (of Furbish's Co.)
Harding, Nellie M.
Hamilton, May (4)
Howard, Lillian (vocalist)
Heller, Nadie (sister of Robt. Heller)
Howard, Nellie (jigsist)
Irwin, Florence
Ince, Mrs. E.
Ince, Bertie
Johns, Effie
Kaye, Minnie
LaKoue, Rose
Leigh, Georgia (2)
Livingston, Clara
Lynn, Lottie
Marshall, Florence
Marco, Daisie
Morton, Mrs. J. W.
Monks, Ada
Ford'sTh., Washington)
Mortimer, Annie
Nichols, Blanche
Neinotte, Georgie
Marretta, Millie (gymnast)
McGill, Sadie
Neoskaleta, Miss
Nelson, Maude
Nelson, Sara Bte.
Odell, Mrs. P. V.
Pitmsell, Flora (3)
Pierce, Emma (of Criterion Co.)
Pascoe, Marie (2)
Peters, La Etta
Rainford, Alice
Russell, Millie (comedienne)
Rathburne, Josie
Reynolds, Viv.
Stetson Sisters
Shields, Tillie
Sanford, Mrs. Nellie
St. Felix Sisters
Sanderson, Mrs. (marionettes)
Siddons, Ida (2)
Steele, Sallie
Sheridan, Georgie (2)
Selwyn, Blanche
Stephens, Mrs. H. F.
Stanwood, Ada
Sanford, Nellie (care J. L. Sanford)
St. Felix, Clemmentine
Shanley, Josephine
Stafford, Lou
Stafford, Mrs. W. S.
Sheppard, Maude
Stanley, Arline
Tracy, Marian
Thorne, May L.
Tournour, Mrs. Hopsey
Vernon, Beatrice (3)
Worrell, Ida
Walcott, Julia
Wellington, Estelle (variety "biz")

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Artingstall, Geo.
Adams, Tommy
Allen, W.
Aken or Sam Gedens, Joe
Aiken, Albert
Allen, W. H.
Adams & Morton
Aikens, The
Abbott, J. W.
Barnum, Geo.
Budworth, Harry
Barlow Bros.
Blodgett, Sam
Blanchard, Harry (3)
Bush, I. T.
Bean, Frank
Brooks, Lew
Bell, A. H.
Bryant, L. J.
Bishop, Geo. or Brigham
Baird, D. W.
Brindle, Jos. R.
Booster, Jonny
Bishop, Geo. H.
Bryan, W. H.
Bisbee, Frank
Benton, Chas.
Blair, Billy
Burgess, Cool
Burke, J. M. (of R. How and Co's Fanoy Goods)
Barnum's Genl. Agent
Bernardo, —
Byrne, (of Smith & Byrne)
Bryant & Hoey
Brown, J. Adison (3)
Barnum, P. T. (2) 9c.
Beard, J. M. (musician)
Berry, Ed.
Brazzler, W. L. P (2)
Burt, S. (with Oaks Bros.)
Browning, L. W.
Burk, Harry
Brazzler, Geo. R.
Burgess, Neil
Bryan, Edwin
Barry, Dave
Burk, Tony
Burnett, John H.
Cutler, Chas.
Coop, Frank E.
Chiriski, Martini
Cook, Capt. (pres. of E. B. Ass.)
Cooper, Thos.
Conklin, Pete
Carlisle & Co., Prof.
Carling, J. W.
Combs, G. P.
Casin, Jas.
Chamberlain, (of Hicks' Minst.)
Carey, H. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Clinton, Mr. (of N. Y. B. B. C.)
"Continental 3"
Carter, Jack
Crosby, Chas. H. (of London, Eng.)
Carney, Henry
Cole, W. W. 5c.
Cook, James (clown) 5c.
Crosby, Geo. H.
Carter, J. Reneage
Combs, C. W. (2)
Cooper & Bailey
Curran, John (S.B. Mayer)
Chapman, W. E.
Copeland, Gus
Caro, Prof. J. M.
Cutler, C.
Cooke, De Witt
Colyan, Edward
Cody, W. F.
Collins, E.
Cooke, L. E.
Charles, J. M.
Clifton, F. R.
Dalton, Harry
Daly, Wm.
Dale, D. W.
Dandridge, C. W.
Delmore, Ralph
Davis, J. Chas.
Dockrell, R. H.
DeBar, Bob (of DeBar, Mahar)
Dupree, C. H.
Denier, Tony
Denier's Manager John
Dixon, T. B. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Dumont, Frank
Decker, Nelson
Dearin, Sam (musical-moke)
DeHaven, Claude
Dingess, —— (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Dowling, J. J.
DeBar, Bob
DeHaven, G. W.
Deagle, J. J.
Davis, Homer (circus manager) 5c.
Dorris, Geo. (Q. Brien's Circus)
Doty, J. A.
Evans, Jas S.
Eugene, Master
Emmerson, D. (of Op. ho., St. Louis)
Esty's Bell-ringers, Marshall
Ellis, Sam
Emerson, Clark & Daly Bros.)
Eunice, Wm.
Faustin, M.
Fraser, Manager, Robt.
Fleming, C. H.
Foster & Hughes
Fleury, Fernando
Fawcett, Owen
Fash, Thos.
Fletcher, Walter
Fredericks, Geo. (gymnast)
Fields, J. J.
Gregory, C. J.
Gordon, Eugene
Good, Jr., J. N.
Guy, Sidney
Giles, Prof. (magician)
Gillespie, Wm. (English p. o. m.)
Grisé, C. B.
Greene, Jas.
Emmerson, Morton
Edwards, John W
Eursman, Geo.
Favor & Shields
Freeman, Willie
Franks, Joe
Madigan, R. R.
McNish, Frank
Morgan & McEvoy
Morris, T. (of Morris & Fields)
Mathyre, Jno. (of Cole's Circus)
Morris, T. (of Mulligan & Morris)
Matthews, A.
Mackley, Fred. J.
Morris & Fields
Monterief, Master (3)
Mordaunt, Frank
Negrotto, J. B.
Nunn, Frank
Nolan & Mason (3)
Naunton, A.
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
O'Brien Bros. (2) 3c.
Orrin Bros.
O'Leary, Daniel
Peck, Will
Oglesby's Ringers)
Oakley, G. H.
Palmer, John
Parmelee, Hank
Payne, Chas.
Purdy, Combs, Geo.
Penfield, E.
"Panorama"
Parker, Lew & Pauline
Parker, Prof. (dogs)
Pearce, A. (of Powers & Mitchell)
Pash, Billy (banjoist)
Parker, Prof. (p. o. m. Hull, Eng.)
Patterson, F. W.
Queen & Belle
Queen, Chas.
Rogers or Mattie Vickers, Chas. S.
Robinson, John (show man)
Reed, Jas. (vocalist)
Runnells, Burnell
Robbins, Burr
Riley, Jacob
Ryan, T. J. (of Kelly & Ryan)
Russells, The
Rogers, Lorain
Ricke, H.
Rickaby, Jas.
Geo (cannon ball "biz")
Robert's Pant. Co., Manag. Nick
Robbins, Frank
Ross, Davy (song-and-dance)
Rogers, C. (of Pathfinder's Co.)
Roselle, Mr. (female-imperson.)
Robinson, Stump
Reed, T. D.
Senttrow, J. N.
Rhinehart, Sam
Rowe, Dick (contortionist)
Robinson, Harry
Reol, Chas.
Ross, D. C.
Sheppard, Burt
St. Ormond, Harry
Sprague, Z. W.
Sparks, Bros.
Sarsfield, Steve
Seamon, C. O.
Simon, Louis W.
Sweeney, Master
Sidell, W. L.
Sprun, W.
Simons, Jacob
Starley, Ernest
Segal, Agent
Livingston Bros. Lorellas, The
Lang, Sam
Lorelle, C.
Llvandale, A. M. D.
Leslie, John (rope "biz")
Little, Dick (of Georgia Minst.)
Lake, Dan ("bones")
Lyle, W. E.
Lewis, Frank
Lair, Geo. (with Leotard Bros.)
Leslie Sisters
Lescher, J. B.
Leland, Matt
Manager Fromley's Varieties
Manley, Harry (candy "biz")
Manager Chicago Aquarium
Mayo, Billy
Meimer, Harry
Maguire, Jas. (clown) (2)
Murphy, J. E. (2)
Manning, J. L.
McAllister, Billy
Majeroni, Edward
Murray, E. C.
Mena, Sr., Inon
Morris, G. W.
Morris, W. H.
Morton, Geo.
Mills, Harry
Murphy, J. C.
Mortimer, C. A.
Mitchell, W. H (of Emerson's Min.)
Magee, J. (of Hoyle's Gallery)
Morris, C (of "Continental 3")
Martin, Wm (with W. L. P. Brazzler)
Mlaco, Tom
Mack, Pete
Morris & Fields
Mahon, M.
Mendells, The (Dutch
Morrissey & Wife, Sam
Martino, & Miss Florence
Melville, Harry (agent)
Murdock, Frank & Irene
Mason & Wesley
Mulligan & Morris
Middleton, G. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Mestayer, C. H.
Murphy, Paddy
Marx, F. (p. o. m. Manchester, Eng.)
Maloney, Billy
Wagee, Wm. (of Perly's Dram. Co.)
Markham, H. M.
Mayo, Frank
Magee, John
Pitmsell, Flora (3)
Pierce, Emma (of Criterion Co.)
Pascoe, Marie (2)
Peters, La Etta
Rainford, Alice
Russell, Millie (comedienne)
Rathburne, Josie
Reynolds, Viv.
Stetson Sisters
Shields, Tillie
Sanford, Mrs. Nellie
St. Felix Sisters
Sanderson, Mrs. (marionettes)
Siddons, Ida (2)
Steele, Sallie
Sheridan, Georgie (2)
Selwyn, Blanche
Stephens, Mrs. H. F.
Stanwood, Ada
Sanford, Nellie (care J. L. Sanford)
St. Felix, Clemmentine
Shanley, Josephine
Stafford, Lou
Stafford, Mrs. W. S.
Sheppard, Maude
Stanley, Arline
Tracy, Marian
Thorne, May L.
Tournour, Mrs. Hopsey
Vernon, Beatrice (3)
Worrell, Ida
Walcott, Julia
Wellington, Estelle (variety "biz")

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Fielding, John
Fish, Chas. (comedian)
Fash, G. W.
Freeth, J. W.
Furguson, Mr. (of VanAmburg's Cir.)
Forbes, Chas.
Gaston, ——
Green, J. (of Morris & Greene)
Garland, Jos.
Gorman, Miles
Geyer, Frank
Garland, G. S.
Hunter, Geo. (Irish "biz")
Hoag, J. Master (with Searle's Bros.)
Hamilton, W. H. (p. o. m. Darlington, Eng.)
Horton, W. Y.
Harrington, J. (of Op. ho., Louisville, Ky.)
Hickey, J. (of Barney McCarthy Co.)
Hindes, Sam
Haverly, J.
Hogan, Jas. F.
Huribart, Albert B.
Hastings, Sam
Hogan, Wm. ("bones")
Hurly & Marr
Hess, C. D.
Howard, Wm.
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hughes, Nicholas (3)
Hall, Frank A.
Hogan, John
Harrington, J. (of Cumm. & Harr.)
Hunter, G. W.
Hutchinson, J. L.
Hamilton's N. Y. Circus
Huber & Allen
Harris, N. or M.
Hildreth, F. A.
Hall, F. D. (3)
Hart's Chicago Co., Josh
Hasson, Wm.
Harrington, Will L.
Heywood Bros.
Hildreth, F. D.
Holloway, Jas. (clown)
Hedges, Thos.
Howell, Mr. (care Herrman)
Harts & Co., Prof.
Hadley, J. C.
Howard, Harry T.
Haverly, J. H. 5c.
Howard, Tom
Keens, Alf. (of Kendall's Co.)
Kelly & Haley
Kensbel, Francois (3)
Kenney, Jas. C.
Kirkwood, J. E.
Kendrick, Chas. H.
Kennedy, Harry
Kennedy, John R.
Keene, W.
Keating & Sands
Klein, Otto 6c.
Kendall, H. A.
Knight, Sidney
Kemble, C. W. (2)
Lester & Allen
Landis, W. (of Landis Bros.)
Lorella, T. A.
London Circus, Genl. Agent
Livingston Bros. Lorellas, The
Lang, Sam
Lorelle, C.
Llvandale, A. M. D.
Leslie, John (rope "biz")
Shelby, Wm. P.
Smith, Ed. C.
Sebastian Brothers, Goldie
Smith & Byrne
Satsuma, K. '21
Smith's Bros. Circus
Genl. Agent
Springers, The
Sprague, Z. W.
Seals, Alex
Springer, A.
"Star"
Sprague, R. (of Murphy's Co.)
Sellers, G. Harry (2)
Stedwell, A. F.
Swain, S. C.
Sharon, W. H.
Steubgen, Frank
Shea, W. J.
Sommers, Gus (banjoist)
Sheehan & Jones
Terry, Robt.
Tunis, Top
Thomas, A. D.
Turner & Geyer
Tullock, L. J.
Thompson, John ("Old Hand")
"Traveling"
Taylor, F. (of Wallace & Taylor)
Turner, J. M.
Ufner, Frank
Vincent, C. A. (2)
Victorelli, H.
Vess, Louis
Walsh, J. K. (of London Circus)
West, Ned
Wilbour, B. C.
Warfield, Tom
Woodville, Jas.
Wyman, Al.
Wer, Wally G.
Witty, Calvin
Whitney, John & Emma
Walsh, C. (of "Continental 3")
Wylie, Billy
Worbes, A. F.
Wennett, Harry
West, W. H. (of B. W. P. AW.'s Minst.)
Whitcomb, Joshua
Manag. Joshua Wentworth, Harry
Wood & West
Williams, Robt.
Waite, C. B.
Winne, Edward
White, W.
Watson, Harry
Williams, M.
Walker, C.
Wilson & Taylor
Yale, Admiral (2)
York, Thos.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Feb. 3, '79.

"This is the month which has but twenty-eight in fine, till leap-year gives it twenty-nine;" but as this is *not* leap-year, the probability is that this month will go on the record as the short month of the year, and will likewise be incorporated in our table of fast time as the fastest on record, consuming but twenty-eight days in making the grand round, while its companions, that started on even terms with it, take thirty or thirty-one days to accomplish the same distance. We have no wish to take up your time in a discussion of the merits of February; for, aside from the fact that it gave birth to the immortal Truth-teller G. Washington, there is little about it to commend it to our respectful consideration, if we except Valentine's Day, when the great orb of night exercises a most powerful influence upon certain phases of our planetary system, and, through bleeding hearts and Cupid's darts, and other implements of conjugal affinity, creates a feeling of ambiguous love for other men's wives and daughters, and likewise vitalizes to the most powerful emotions of the soul, by inducing the interchanges of sentiments in four-line verses of poetry with crimson and green pictures to match, whereby hang a multitude and a variety of tales. We are led to these remarks, as one would say, after a careful observation of the moon, brought into closer contact with our terrestrial sphere by means of a fifteen-dollar telescope, kindly loaned to us last Friday night at Chatham square. The manager of the show, after exacting a legal-tender of five cents in specie, gave us a reserved seat in front, and for that small pittance kindly explained to us the mystery of the moon, and much interesting matter pertaining thereto; he seemed to understand his business thoroughly, and obligingly solved the phenomena by which the lunar orb controlled the passions of man and the ebb and flow of tidal waves, etc. We inquired of him whether the aspects were favorable to theatrical enterprises during the month, or otherwise; whether traveling combinations would find their paths obstructed by ice and snow and impatient creditors, or would they move along as smoothly as a ship-launch. To all of our questions he gave quick and encouraging answers. For city trade he promised an increased attendance, and a corresponding addition to the cash receipts; he said that the principal and most attractive star of the evening would be Venus, beautiful as a houri, and as void of raiment as are her representatives in our burlesque organizations, visible to the naked eye of the legitimate admirer, and somewhat apparent to the near-sighted patron who sees through a glass darkly, as it might be. He expressed the opinion that, if the weather was fine, traveling shows would go through like dew on the wings of the morning. We asked him if it would make any difference if they were seedue. He failed to see this little bit of smartness, although his countenance gave evidence of the pain it had caused him. We asked him if Lester Wallack's mission was piece, and would it be successful. His reply was that all depended on the caprice of his followers and the duration of the piece. He seemed somewhat mixed here, having gone out to see a man and to inquire whether the prospects for a large clove-crop were encouraging. We asked him whether Fanny Davenport was a real star; he said she was just now, but in his day Tommy Peel was a reeler. [This trifle was the offspring of the jig-water he had partaken of during his researches in quest of a fresh allspice.—ED.] We inquired whether the inhabitants of the moon had been favored with a visit from "H. M. S. Pinafore?" which elicited the reply that they had; that Manager Rice and his crew were exhibiting it there to crowded houses, and that they were also looking for a visit from Jo Emmet, should he be able to "climb up" that high. He told us a great many things of but little general interest, but one remark he accidentally let slip seemed to be of unusual importance, and that was that in the moon the lovers of music were printing thousands of chromos, one of which was to be given to each occupant of a stockholder's seat for Mapleson's Her Majesty's Opera Troupe, provided the troupe lasted long enough to get there. We asked him whether there were any enterprising men in the moon with a capital of two hundred dollars who would like to take a party out on the road and act as treasurer? His reply was: "The woods is full of 'em," and hundreds turned away, etc. He said McCullough was looked for, and they were getting up a banquet for him; likewise that Charley Backus and Billy Birch were to be given the freedom of the moon in a horn, which would put Cork in a much better light than when Gen. Grant was there. All these astonishing things were told us by that remarkable man, the engineer of the telescope, and all for five cents. As we turned away we heard the great scientist exclaim, in a mellow, dramatic voice: "Sold again!" referring, probably, to his five-cent fare.....And now they tell us that Anna Dickinson, in her latest lecture, is displaying her anna-mosity towards the Church merely to work up a sensation for her reappearance on the stage. Wrong, all wrong. When Miss D. takes hold of churchly matters, she cannot help treating them in an anna-mated manner. It is natural to her. Yes, and the secret of the, whole thing is this:

THE MATTER WITH ANNA.

Miss Dickinson flung out her banner,
And set up the Church in a manner
To raise both a stir
And the dickens on her—

And that's where the matter with Anna!

.....An actor, while strolling in Orange County for the benefit of his health and the spectacular combination of which he was a leading spirit, in his solitary wanderings came across a "Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow," and as costed her in rosy language, for he was smitten by her charms, and fain would call her his own one; but she had suffered in this way before, and had learned to be strong. We cannot do better than give the closing chapter of this interesting love-story in poetry, as thus:

HE.—"Fair maid, hast thou no precious yearnings?"
SHE.—"None, good sir, except my eggs and churnings."
.....And, talking about eggs and milk, Jerry Thomas may succeed well enough in mixing such drinks with ice, when he attempts to mix minstrelsy with liquor he is forced to cry quits.....We don't wonder at the gentleman who was wont to "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness," for, doubtless, even in his isolated residence he had heard of a Lodge of Elks in New York, and was impatient for the boys to introduce their protective order in the far Western wilds of the absence of the elk. We make mention of this to remind you that the annual ball of New York Elks is to take place at the Academy of Music on the evening of Thursday, February 6. Take this ball in, if you never take another, for more real enjoyment may be had among the Elks and their dear partners than at any similar entertainment given in this city.....Much having been said about the popular "air" pudding for operatic and other impecunious troupes, we have succeeded in obtaining from the oldest "old woman" in the business the recipe for formulating the health-promoting mixture. It is as follows: Take equal parts of "the flower of the family," six ox-yokes, "milk of human kindness," "cream of jokes," "variety the spice of life," "current items," "latest dates," one gallon condensed air—mix in to a stiff mass; grease your pan with "oil" cast upon the troubled waters," then bake for a few hours in the fiery furnace, and serve hot on toast.....The price of admission to the Broadway stage has been reduced to five cents—but this does not include the dramatic platform.....A very pretty conceit for a valentine for an actor may be found in the following lines, which our lady friends are at liberty to use, with emendations if necessary:

"O Romeo, O Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?"
Accept this tender heart of mine, likewise this latest cromlo.
I've followed thee o'er the raging main, in trackless wilds I've sought thee,
And many precious tokens of my love I've daily bought thee.
Shoots o'er another fill the heart which should be mine alone,
I'd crush the life-blood out of her, me precious one, me own.
Oh, come to me, brave Ingomar; let me on thy breast recline;
And, believe me, ever truly yours, thy weeping Valentine.

.....An exchange says that "a German translation of Bjornson's latest comedy, 'The New System,' is now in preparation." Is this the way our contemporary spells Ben Jonson's name, or is it merely a sample of "The New System?".....We know all about "The Man Who Laughs," but we have heard very little of the laughing girl until now. She turned up in Lebanon, Pa., a few days ago; her name is Susan Zentmeyer, and by occupation she is a milkmaid. While plying her trade, she saw a sore kick a small boy off a stool. The sight was so funny that she laughed herself out of place, and had to remain all day with her mouth wide open until a physician arrived to put the jaw in working order again. Susan now smiles on the other side of her mouth.....This week they are doing "Nathan Hale," at the Bowery. This has reference to the Hale fellow who wasn't well met.....Very strangely, Dr. Lord's lecture on "Leo the Lion-tamer" makes no mention of Leo the great shoot-him-out-of-a-bombshellist.....Last week was fruitful of unusual events. Among other things we saw at the Fifth-avenue Theatre King Lear and Edgar in the same performer. [King Lear is the leading character in the play of that name, while Edgar is the name of the leading actor who played it. This you may rely upon.].....Mr. Parson Price, the champion jigger in the dark side of New York, Tony Pastor exhibits the bright side. Might we be permitted to suggest that these gentlemen change pulpits some night? Why, it would make the very welkin ring.....A *sterling* piece is Col. Barnes' drama "Solid Silver;" yet, strange as it may appear, Stirling Coyne had no hand in its composition.....Now that the New York ice companies have dressed of their anti-white snowy covering, business shows a slight improvement.....France has passed peacefully through a threatening crisis, and MacMahon, as a wandering minstrel, is thrilling all hearts with his plaintive refrain: "See that my Grevy's kept green."..... The nightingale has burst upon us ere gentle Spring its presence here is felt; but the bird of song we refer to is Mr. Christian, whose voice is not strong, but a single stalk make music all the day. A politician was gazing upon "it" the other day, when suddenly he remarked that if women had the privilege of voting she'd make a good repeater, and prove that two from one you can.....We favor the election of P. T. Barnum to the United States Senate. His familiarity with the habits and peculiarities of wild animals would enable him to control the fiercest passions of the Senate, and curb the conflicts which periodically rage in that body. Connecticut cannot do better than elect the great Barnum. What would be our loss would be the Senate's gain. Let's hold mass-meetings, and write letters to the newspapers about it.....Dot "Oofty Goof" was most dot last week. I dem bisdol bart he was vas didn't know was loaded. Dem shootsenfeed accidents vas got more fatalness dan makin' coal-oil fires mit karysene. Isn't dot so? [To those not familiar with the German language this reference to Mr. Gooft may appear unintelligible, but by calling upon Whitelaw Reid of *The Tribune* that gentleman will cipher it out for our ignorant friends and clear away the dead wood.—ED.].....Manager, if some of your enterprising spirits would set up a first-class theatre or show at Coney Island the coming Summer, he might find his reward in well-filled houses. A clam-chewder and free bath thrown in for one price of admission would make things hum.

AT CONEY.

Oh, set it up on the sandy beach,
'Mid the waves a-plashing gayly,
And steamboats running to and fro,
And the fish a-spouting daily.
Let Levy toot his golden horn,
And Sen Bent upward soar, oh!
Their combination, sure's you're born,
Would shake the Old Ocean's roar, oh!
Let Strakosch sing his trouope one night,
Before they close up for a tour;
And Haverly bring his band next day,
With its forty minstrel power.
Let ballet-girls from steamer land,
Pat beholders in a trance, oh!
And paralyze 'em, as they sleep,
With their wondrous long-and-dance, oh!
Three cheers for the Coney I-land show,
And three times three, still louder;
And a tiner or two for the showman's crew,
With a gush for the clam-chowder!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Miss Maggie Mitchell's new piece, "from Bosting," is called "Flotsam and Jetsam," and is to be brought out at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y. It is an adaptation by L. R. Shewell, who is also to appear in it.....It is more uncertain than ever if Miss Emma C. Thursby will return home. At last advices she was warbling in Berlin.....The Black Crook is to be once more quickened into life at Niblo's Garden on Feb. 24.....Franz Liszt is in Rome, at work on his latest composition, "The Seven Sacraments." He has already finished two of the seven—"The Marriage" and "The Eucharist."..... Cool Burgess donned the blue ribbon on the 20th ult., and on Feb. 5 he will, at Cooper Institute, he spoke briefly in favor of cold water and the National Temperance Union. Simcoe Lee the actor, who has been wearing the ribbon for two years or more, was to have spoken at length, but could not attend.....Miss Hazie Heller is engaged in writing the professional life of Robert Heller as it has been passed upon two continents, and it will probably be published in this city.....Henry Irving has set apart the London Lyceum Theatre on Feb. 24 for a complimentary testimonial to W. H. Chippendale, the veteran actor, who will then, in all probability, retire permanently from the stage. He has been upon it about forty-six years, and for over thirty years of that period has been a member of the American Dramatic Fund Association.....Miss Ida Myers, watched over by the motherly Rose Madigan Myers, has become quite popular as a member of Clarke Jno. Myers' circus companies abroad.....Prof. Locke Richardson is to give another series of Shakespearian recitations at our Union League Theatre.....Howard's "Hurricane" was to have been brought out at the Criterion last night, Feb. 5, as the Anthon Memorial Church, this city. He took the ground that the stage has legitimate work to do, that it is neither possible nor desirable to repress it, and that the most that the godly can do as regards it is to help the forms of good and encourage the truly good.....Walter H. Woodfield, known here as a tenor, is to assume the role of Don Jose when "Carmen" is brought out in English and in England.....It has been decided by Dr. Pyne, if Sothern withdraws from the Fifth-avenue Theatre, into be placed upon the stage of the Park. It is just possible that the manager of the latter house is not conscious that anything of the kind is to be attempted.....Among the pleasures of General Grant a soiree in Paris. "The Little Treasure" was played in English, and "The Date Fortifier" in French by a company of amateurs consisting Mrs. Davenport, Miss Whelper, Mr. Bowles and Mr. Southgate, and Mr. Hoppe recited a poem entitled "Farewell." The soiree was announced as "strictly private," but was nevertheless held in a public hall, and criticised in a Parisian paper by the second Secretary of the American Legation.....H. B. Butler, associated with directive affairs at our Aquarium from about the time of its inauguration, has just withdrawn from it.....Arthur Sullivan, the English composer, is expected to arrive here during the current week.....Sir Julius Benedict is enjoying fair eyesight after the recent surgical operation, and his general health has not suffered from his confinement.....There's some talk as to a pooling of issues between Miss Genevieve Ward and Mrs. Scott-Siddons through a connection in "A Winter's Tale" at Booth's Theatre, Miss W. to impersonate Hermione and Mrs. Siddons to enact Perdita.....Neil Bryant, so well known in minstrel circles, is to be the recipient of a complimentary testimonial at the Academy of Music on the afternoon of Friday, Feb. 21.....Samuel Harrison died in Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 30, aged 86. He had for a number of years been associated with the late John Bates, once a widely known Western theatrical manager.

CITY SUMMARY.

EDWIN F. STARIN of Niblo's Garden has tendered to the Board of Fire-commissioners the use of that theatre for a benefit Feb. 13 for the widows and orphans of the dead firemen Irving and Reilly. Harrigan & Hart of the Theatre Comique also sent the Board a communication, asking President King to select one of our largest theatres for a matinee-performance for the same purpose, on such date as he might choose, when they would engage to give the entire entertainment. They state that they would tender the use of their own theatre were it not too small for the purpose. Both offers were accepted at a meeting of the Board of Fire-commissioners, and the necessary details were referred to a committee, of which the Hon. Timothy J. Campbell is chairman.

GEORGE EDGAR, comanager of the Broadway Theatre, made his metropolitan debut Jan. 27, acting in "King Lear," which was cast thus:

Lear	George Edgar
King of France	T. J. Quinn
Duke of Burgundy	J. T. Swinburn
Duke of Cornwall	S. Dowell
Duke of Albany	E. M. Day
Curan	S. P. Jay
Physician	D. H. Chase
Oswald	E. B. Graves
Goneril	Mrs. J. L. Carhart
Cordelia	Marie Gordon
Earl of Kent	F. B. Pierce
Earl of Gloster	W. H. Collings
Edgar	J. Wheelock
Edmund	J. H. Rowe
Old Man	I. Davean
The Fool	Hart Conway
Herald	Mr. Lyon
Regan	Miss V. Le Claire

It was no slight undertaking for Mr. Edgar to face a metropolitan audience in a character the impersonation of which, under similar circumstances, might make our eldest and most experienced actors exceedingly nervous. Yet his performance was highly creditable. He has a noble stage presence, and with his make-up and costuming no fault could be found. Considering the circumstances, he displayed remarkable ease and self-possession. It is evident that he has bestowed much study and thought upon the character, and the elfin-like and various touches gave proof that his conception and embodiment were accurate. His faults were only such as future practice and experience will speedily correct. The most prominent of these was his voice, which, in passages requiring great force, became husky and liable to break; and the reason of this is that for months past it has been used only in the pitch required for ordinary conversation, thereby depriving it of the training and flexibility it would have received had he nightly practiced the actor's art after the manner of professionals. In the more subdued passages his voice was clear and bell-like in tone, powerful and resonant. His reading was intelligent, his elocution excellent, and his gestures were graceful and free from even the suspicion of awkwardness. He invested the scene in which he divides his kingdom between his two daughters with a subtle dignity, and in the fourth act he typified his gradual loss of reason with signal ability. The tragedy was well mounted, a scene representing a cliff near Dover being particularly effective, and the storm, thunder and lightning effects in the heath scenes were managed in a very realistic manner. The support was fairly good. Mr. Wheelock as Edgar surprised his most ardent admirers by his brilliant acting. His noble form and fine voice were admirably suited to the character, and in response to an encore he recited quite effectively a parody entitled "Johannna and I are Out." Fred A. Plaisted, who on Monday night was accompanied on the stage by Edward Hanlan, the champion oarsman, gave an excellent display of club-swinging, which was loudly applauded. In addition to Mr. Plaisted, Johnny Shay, of Boston, Ed. Burt, and others acted the sketch of "We Can't Agree," John Wild, Billy Gray, and Billy West played the chief characters in "A Trip to Paris," and "The Mulligan-guard Ball" closed the entertainments.

THE PRINCIPAL ARTISTS of the combination which Tony Pastor took to Boston, Mass., for the week ending Jan. 25 formed the attraction at that theatre in this city the past week. As all have been frequently seen and heard upon the local stage, and as they are performers of unquestioned ability and well known to our readers, we need only mention their names and specialties, and add that they attracted an excellent attendance: Delehanty and Hengler in a protean sketch; Tony Pastor's first appearance in singing and dancing; and Jones in the sketch of "The Ash-box Inspector," introducing a burlesque wrestling-match; Edwin French's banjo songs and witticisms; the Irwin Sisters—May and Flora—in a musical sketch called "A Rural Stroll;" Gus Williams in Dutch patter songs and recitations, and the chief character in the closing sketch of "Catching High C;" J. F. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan in "A Moonlight Flirtation;" W. Henry Rice in burlesque Ethiopian prima-donna songs and comical stories; and Kelly and Ryan in their Irish character songs-and-dances. C. Worley, Frank Girard, Jennie Satterlee and Amy Carroll of the regular stock company acted in the sketch of "Educate Your Daughter."

OLIVER DOUD BYRON closed his engagement in Niblo's Garden Feb. 1, having acted Hero, Gen. George Bassett and Donald McKay in his familiar drama of "Hero, or Mount Shasta," throughout the past week. The auditorium was well filled by people who appeared to enjoy the numerous conflicts between large numbers of Indians and soldiers, and other exciting portions of this drama. The mounting and acting were both creditable. F. A. Tannehill as the Mexican, Benito Lerdo; Simcoe Lee as one-eyed Nick, a stagedriver; W. H. Lytell and Charles Sturges as two comical servants; J. F. Peters' Capt. Jack, the Modoc chief; Annie Ward Tiffany's Isabel Wallace, Blanche Mortimer's Artine, and Lottie Murray's Sallie Lincoln were especially deserving of notice.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS continue to do a good business, and Sam Devere's banjo songs and witticisms, which have proved a feature, were given for the last time Feb. 1. The novelties the past week were "The Day When You'll Forget Me," sung by J. G. Russell; a song-and-dance called "The Flatboat Ball," given by Johnson and Powers; "Once Upon a Time," sung by Ricardo in female attire; and Ryman's sketch of "Mother-in-law-phobia, or Was She the Cause?" which proved to be quite diverting.

HAYLS AND PICKERT, clog-dancers, are to commence a short engagement with the San Francisco Minstrels Feb. 10.

THE BENEFIT for the widow of Police-officer Furniss in Niblo's Garden realized $3,700.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS and J. C. McCollom visited our various theatres during the past week, when they took a respite from professional labors.

JOHN B., son of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Wills, the last-named professionally known as May Adams, died of lung-fever Jan. 26 at the age of six months.

JOSEPH A. BOOTH continues as treasurer of the Fifth-ave. Theatre under the new management.

MUCH OF THE SUCCESS attained by the John A. Stevens "Unknown" Combination at the Globe Theatre is due to the untiring energy of Mr. Stevens' business-manager, Kit Clarke.

MANAGER HARRY F. SNYDACER was in town last week engaging talent for Miller's Garden and the International Comique, Philadelphia, Pa.

ERNEST STANLEY, en route to Philadelphia, Pa., called at THE CLIPPER office Jan. 28.

JUDICIOUS COMPRESSION of the dialogue of "Dr. Clyde" has made a decided improvement in that comedy, and it has attracted a much larger average attendance than has been witnessed in the Fifth-avenue Theatre for a long time. The mounting of the piece is sumptuous, and recalls the palmiest days of Augustin Daly's management. Manager Harkins is to be congratulated upon the auspicious commencement of his sole directorship.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK FRAYNE and little Clara Frayne, with a trained horse and the dog Jack, appearing in "Si Slocum," are the star attractions in Niblo's Garden this week.

AT HARRY MINER'S a pleasing and amusing programme was presented to large audiences last week. The new faces Jan. 27 were the Lorellas, whose eccentric gambols are marked by dexterity and drollery; Press Eldridge was mirth-provoking in a stump-speech; Pettingill, Gale, Dailey and Hoey—the American Four—gave an able and amusing exposition of their skill as song-and-dance men; and Awata, Kanosahin displayed unusual powers of juggling and balancing. Pat Rooney continues a great favorite at this establishment. John Hart and A. C. Moreland, Queen and Bell, Mollie Wilson, Victoria Rose, the Sharpleys and the Morello Brothers open Feb. 3. Thomas W. Moore, Thomas J. Leonard and Edward Weeks, who efficiently attend to the "front of the house," will have a complimentary benefit on afternoon and evening of Feb. 27.

AT THE BOWERY THEATRE well-filled houses during the last week testified to the popularity of Dominick Murray, who, commencing an engagement Jan. 27, appeared in the dramas entitled "Gambler's Crime" and "Escaped from Sing Sing." In the former Dominick Murray rendered all the strong points of the leading part—Murty McNally—in an effective manner. "Escaped from Sing Sing" is a drama well calculated to awaken lively interest, in addition to which Mr. Murray's impersonations therein are regarded as the most successful of his dramatic efforts. Kate Glassford, Millie Sackett, Miss Edmonson, Jos. P. Winter, Edwin F. Barry, Charles Foster and Maurice Pike enacted the other prominent roles in these pieces with commendable zeal and ability. A new drama, by C. Edmon Pillett and Samuel A. Mackeever, entitled "Nathan Hale, or the Martyr Spy of the Revolution," will receive its first

THE INTENDED MARRIAGE of Miss Zoe Gayton and D. B. Hughes is not to take place, according to S. J. Simmonds, who starts on a starring tour with the lady 24.

JOSEPH MURPHY'S COMBINATION, who were in Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 1,Feb. 1, open Feb. 10 in St Louis, where he closes his traveling season, going alone to San Francisco.

CINCINNATI DRAMATIC NEWS to Feb. 1 is forwarded as appended by our correspondent:

Joseph K. Emmet, supported by his own combination, opened at the Grand Opera-house Jan. 26, and "Standing Room Only" has been the nightly announcement ever since. Mr Emmet is to give an extra performance to-morrow (Sunday) night. Mr. Emmet's natural acting and unrivaled specialties constitute the great charm of his drama, which in itself is rather a disjointed affair. Of the supporting company Matt. R. Snyder as Elias Grimm was correct and easy; W. W. Allen as Abrams made considerable out of a small part; and the Snow of Will S. Braz was quite a hit. The rest of the cast, embracing Kate Blanke, Rose Graham, Mattie Earl, Little Georgie D. R. Young, Wm. Haley, Martin J. Cody, J. P. Wilkes, Oliver Doud and Milton Byron, were sufficient for the not-arduous requirements of their several characters. The Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell follow Feb 3. Waverly's Mastodon Minstrels 10, and Lotta 17.....W J. Thompson opened in "Leopold" at Heuck's Opera House 25, and has had a fair share of business. The play possesses considerable merit, and Mr. Thompson has made a very favorable impression as a Dutch dialect comedian. A full report furnished by W. H. Gleason, Mr. H. Schneider, George W. Barnum, Frank Foster, George Hanna, Eliza O'Connor, Mary Booth, and Leonora Bradley was excellent, and the drama was very successful part of the time. Mr. Thompson closes to-morrow, going to Philadelphia. Wash T. Mellville in "Shocks" follows 3 .....Hernandez Foster in "Jack Harkaway in America" constituted the dramatic attraction at the Coliseum during the current week to a fair business. Mr. Foster personated Monday. In the support Kate Edwards was quite happy as Emily Harkaway, Wazzie Barnes personated Felix very neatly, and Kate Beebe deserved favorable mention for Mrs. Hilda. The scenery was good. Foster goes to Chicago. E. T. Goodrich in "Grizzly Adams" follows 3.....Pike's Opera-house has been used this week for lectures, a concert, etc. The Matheson Opera Company open 3 .....Diplomacy! (a German version) was given last evening by Marie Wolff's company at Robinson's Opera-house. "Fanchon" is the bill 2 The leading role, requiring both a vocalist and an actress, in "300 000 Devils," last week's attraction here, was taken most excellently by Emma Exster. An Amazon march was likewise introduced, together with novel scenic effects .....The Lena Wolff Company, having been evicted from Workingmen's Hall, are giving their performances weekly over the basement at Mannercher Hall, corner of Vine and Mercer streets. This is the original German Theatre.....The Clara Wildman Combination, just reorganized, opens in Georgetown, Ky., 3, and then goes Southward.....Julia A. Hurst is organizing a company to play through Ohio such pieces as "Fanchon" and "Jane Eyre," intending to open in Manchester next week.....Messrs. Douglas & Fennessy are organizing a company to support Charles Pope in Nashville, commencing 10.....Maude Branscombe has completed arrangements to open in Baltimore 10 with her new play, "Stage and School."..... Clara Coleman H. Heuck for four weeks' salary, $240, some time ago, and the case came off yesterday before a jury, in the presence of nearly all the professionals in town, many of whom were witnesses. Miss Cole lost her case .... The company at Heuck's have been notified that the season closes with the performances to-morrow (Sunday).....William L. Gleason closes at Heuck's to-morrow.

CHARLES HARRISON, son of Gabriel Harrison of Brooklyn, will present "Ours" in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 22

AT THE ROYAL, Baltimore, Tom Keene, Lucille Sawtelle opened in "London Assurance" Jan. 28. George Boniface and company open Feb 3, for four nights.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON played in Toledo, O., Jan. 27, 28. Dayton 30, 31, Feb. 1. Akron 3, Cleveland 4, 5, Canton 6, Alliance 7, Youngstown 8, Grand Rapids 7, 8, East Saginaw 10, 11, Flint 12, Fort Huron 13, Bay City 14, 15, Jackson 17, 18, Kalamazoo 19, Fort Wayne 20.

NAT GOODWIN'S (NEW) "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe is to play Feb. 7, 8, in Newark, N. J.

CHARLES E. THOMPSON died in Dallas, Texas, Dec. 6, 1878, intelligence of which has just reached us. He was in his twenty-eighth year, and was a brother of Mrs. C. Thompson of Gallipolis, O., and had been a member of the dramatic profession for six years, having made his first appearance with J. G. Stutts's company in Charleston, S. C.

MARY ANDERSON, supported by J. W. Norton and company, performed in Dayton, O., Jan. 27, Springfield 28, Columbus 29, 30, Wheeling, W. Va., 31, Feb. 1, and is booked in Pittsburg, Pa., the week following. Then O., 10, Meadville, Pa., 11, Oil City 12, Titusville 13, Bradford 14, Erie 15, Buffalo, N. Y., 17, 18, 19, 20, Rochester 21 22

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Reading Pa., Wards & Barrymore's Combination appeared in "Diplomacy" Jan. 29, 30, to large audiences, in Pottsville, Pa., 31, Lancaster Feb. 1, Wilmington, Del., 3, and will be in Norristown, Pa., 4, Easton 5, Phillipsburg 6, Newburgh, N. Y., 7, Scranton 8, connect on Sunday 9 Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty."

THE PERLEY COMEDY COMPANY are to play in West Meriden, Ct., Feb. 8, Brockville 4, 5, Thompsonville 6, 7, Winsted 8, Grand Rapids 10, 11.

JUDGE BOSWORTH has commenced an action for divorce from Frank Bosworth in the Common Pleas Court of Hamilton, O.

"COLLIER'S NOT GUILTY DRAMATIZED CASE" Company began a week's season in the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house Jan. 27, and large business ruled throughout. J. W. Collier was taken ill Jan. 28, and Manager T. W. Davey acted the Vicinet the rest of the week. Nothing booked for the week of the 3d.

GEORGIE DREW is sick in Philadelphia.

MUSICAL.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM BOSTON, MASS.—Signor Rignoli has been ill and confined to his apartments in the Revere House, but was enabled to return to New York Jan. 28.....The Harvard Musical Association had their annual dinner 27, presided over by John S Dwight. Forty-five members were present. The next concert will be Kellogg and Carr's concert in the Redpath Lyceum Course, to have been given in Music Hall 29, was given up.....The fourth classical concert by the Harvard Musical Association was given in Music Hall afternoon 28. Mr. Listemann, violin, and vocal concert was given by the Boston Conservatory of Music at Conservatory Hall 30.....Arthur W. Foote, pianist, assisted by W. H. Fessenden, tenor, gave a "Chamber Concert" in Hall Feb. 1. The quarterly concert of the New England Conservatory of Music was given in Music Hall afternoon of Feb. 1.....A sacred concert will be given at the Harbree Fair 2 by the Hutchins Quartet—E. B. Kinsley and B. F. Shackford, tenors, G. P. Henderson and J. H White, basses—Thomas H. Henry, cornetist: A Damm, flutist: H. Rigg, trombone soloist; and the Boston Cadet Band and orchestra.....The twelfth concert in the Gaiety Hall, series, occurring 2, will be given by Brown's Brigade Band; Miss Nellie S. Bartlett, elocutionist and contralto; Miss Etta F. Bartlett, soprano; and Arthur H. Wentworth, soprano; and Fred J. Eustis, pianist and accompanist.....Afternoon and evening concerts will be given in "The Siege of Paris" building 2 by the Ninth Regiment Band, conducted by Chas. Higgins, assisted by Sabine Sanders and Professor Mory Han Wan, a Chinese and a graduate of the Conservatory of Music, Shanghai.....The Cecelia Club give their next concerts at Tremont Temple 7, 10.....The Handel and Haydn Society, Carlos Bertolesohn's "Hymn of Praise." J. C. D Parker's "Redemption Hymn," and Berlioz's "Flight into Egypt" at Music Hall 9, the solos being given by Clara Louise Kellogg, Amalia Joubert and Charles R. Adams. The concert for the benefit of the sick fund of the Franklin Typographical Society will occur at Music Hall 12, the artist engaged being Miss Kellogg, Miss Julia Rive-King, pianist; William Courtney, tenor; Walter Emerson, violinist, and Mrs H. M. Smith's concert company.....George Bowron, musical director of the Berger Family Combination, is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, London, Eng., where, in 1876, he was awarded the prize medal in the class of solo violinists.

AT HOOLEY'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., there was a fair attendance, which increased nightly with the week, to witness the presentation of "H. M. S. Pinafore." The company presenting it are possessed of fair voices, the chorus being rich and strong; but they hardly catch the conception, either in make-up or action, of the rare burlesque humor contained in Gilbert's libretto. Digby V. Bell gave quite a funny portrayal of Sir Joseph Porter; Percy E. Cooper was dignified as Captain Corcoran; Charles H. Thompson gave a manly picture of Ralph Rackstraw, and possesses a sweet tenor voice; John J. Benitz was well made up as Dick Deadeye, and his deep bass voice was heard to good advantage; John A. Phillips gave character to Bill Bobstay; and Miss Florence Ellis made the Midshipmite of the occasion really amusing. Josephine was sweetly given by Miss Carrie Burton, who is possessed of a fine soprano voice. Miss Minnie Burton gave Hebe archly. Miss Flora E. Barry sang admirably, but was too neat in costume and appearance to convey the idea of the burlesque idea of Little Buttercup.....At Haverly's the Alice Oates Opera Troupe begin a season of two weeks Feb. 3.....At Farwell Hall the Tennesseans, colored jubilee singers, under the management of C. W. Donavin, gave concerts Jan. 30, 31, and matinee and evening Feb 3, and are to appear at some of the various churches during the coming week .....At McCormick Hall the Rentz-Santley Novelty Company commission gives a concert Feb. 4.....Our correspondent says: "Upon authority of Arthur Cambridge of the Dramatic Agency I stated that the Holman Opera Troupe would open at Hooley's Feb. 3 Such proves not to be the case."

THE STRAKOSCH ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY began a season of four nights and a matinee at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Jan. 27, presenting "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Litta in "the title role making her first appearance before a Philadelphia audience. Her debut was a success. She frequently aroused her audience to enthusiasm, and, after the sextette, was recalled three times in succession. The cast included Sig. Fantaleoni, Sig Lazzarini, and Mr. Geo. Conly. On Wednesday evening, 29, "Aida" was performed, with Miss Kellogg as Aida, Miss Cary as Amneris, Miss Adams as Nedda, Sig. Pantaleoni as Amonasro, Mr. Gottschalk as the King, and Mr. Conly as Ramfis. On Thursday evening Litta as Marguerite in "Faust" repeated the success she had achieved as Lucia. Charles R. Adams appeared as Faust. Geo. Conly as Mephisto, and Frank Cauffman as Valentine. On Friday evening there was a performance of "Mignon," with Miss Kellogg as Mignon, Miss Cary as Federico, and Tima Di Murska, who had been especially engaged, as Filina. At the matinee on Saturday "Lucia" was repeated, with Litta. Business good. Miss Elise, premiere danseuse, joins the opera company this week, making her début.....Her Majesty's Italian Opera Company, under the management of J. H. Mapleson, begin a season of eight nights and one matinee Feb 10.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC CLUB, assisted by George W. Osgood, tenor, announce concerts in Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 13, March 13 and April 11.

THE SALEM ORATORIO SOCIETY render Verdi's Requiem Mass in Salem, Mass., Feb. 6, with the aid of Mrs. Caroline Lewis, soprano; Miss Ita Welsh, contralto; Alfred Wilke, tenor, and P. H. Powers, basso.

THE YOUNG APOLLO CLUB sing in Lancaster, Pa., Feb. 3, 4, Reading 5, 6, Catasauqua 7, March Chunk 10, Wilkesbarre 11, 12, Scranton 13, 14, Ithaca, N. Y., 18. They also give English operas, including "Trovatore," "Pinafore," etc.

JOHN SULLIVAN, leader of band and orchestra, whose address all in search of musicians is at liberty, and he can furnish a good band for a circus.

"CASEY'S SOCIAL CLUB," one of Harrigan's latest songs, is published by Harding. See card.

GEO. MOLINEUX publishes the latest songs and dances made popular on the variety stage. See cards.

F. W. ZAULIG, musical director and composer, advertises that he is at liberty to accept an engagement.

WILHELMJ played at Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 28.

MIESLER'S Swedish Lady Vocal Quartet appeared in Washington, D. C., Jan. 31, Feb. 1, Georgetown 3 .....H. M. S. Pinafore" was repeated in Ford's Opera house Feb. 1 to an overcrowded house by the same amateurs who recently sang it.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB gave concerts in Richmond, Va., Jan. 27, 28.....The Swedish Lady Vocal Quartet appear 4.....August Wilhelmj 5.

WILLIAM L. DIXON, who for several seasons performed with the Richings, Parepa Rosa and Kellogg Opera Troupes, died in Dublin, Ireland, after a protracted illness, Jan. 4, aged 57 years.

WILHELMJ played in the Brooklyn Academy on Jan. 31 The house was half full.

THE LILIPUTIAN OPERA COMPANY, who closed a successful week's season in Montreal, P. Q., Feb. 1, are billed in Ottawa 3, 4, Kingston 5, 6, Belleville 7, 8, Toronto 10, 11, 12.

A CONCERT by the Julia Rive-King-Remenyi Combination took place at Pike's Opera house, Cincinnati, Jan. 29.....The Mapleson Royal Opera Company commence a season at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, Feb. 3.

"FIND A WAY OR MAKE IT," and "Gentle Heart, be True," two new songs, are advertised in M. Lerman's card.

MISS ANANDALE, late of the Strakosch Opera Company, is playing Little Buttercup in "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Broad street Theatre, Philadelphia, taking the place of Miss Henrietta Vaders, who has returned to Baltimore.

VARIETY HALLS.

MAY FISK advertises for two first-class specialty artists. The company will be in New Haven, Ct., Feb. 5, 6, Bridgeport 7, 8.

PROF. GEO. WAMBOLD, contortionist and equilibrist, with his troupe of dogs, can be engaged. See advertisement.

PERFORMERS can find engagements at the Theatre Comique, Brooklyn, N. Y. See card.

HARRY RICHMOND'S TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL.—As stated in last week's issue of THE CLIPPER, the trial of Augustus Boyle, known professionally as Harry G. Richmond, for the murder of Daniel F. Archer on the 29th of last October, by striking him on the head with a pitcher in John Kelly's saloon, adjoining the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, began before Judge Mitchell in that city Jan. 27. After some difficulty a jury was obtained, and Assistant District-attorney Read opened the case for the Commonwealth, speaking briefly and merely relating the occurrence.

"YANKEE" ADAMS the finger-billiardist is now en route East, having so far made a tour of sixteen weeks. He has been endorsed, wherever he has performed, as a decided attraction. He exhibits his specialty in Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 3, Philadelphia 10, and opens in New York 17 with new table and tricks. Manager Shelby gives him a high endorsement. See card.

JOHN R. WEAVER, who has just closed a successful engagement at Hamlin's Theatre, Chicago, in his drama of "Toby," is recommended by Manager Hamlin and Joseph A. Gulick, business-manager. See card.

THE PATHFINDERS in their musical oddity of "Scrape" held the boards of Kernan's Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., last week to excellent business. Marie Jasper is a sprightly little actress and a capable vocalist. The merits of Mattie Vickers and Charles S. Rogers are well known. Bart W. Wallace is an accomplished actor. Of the three acrobats, Newton, Thomas and Clinton, their many feats were among the best seen here since the days of the Hanlons. Thomas Jasper made a hit as Theophilus Cry well. The company closed Feb. 1 for Philadelphia. On 3 the stock returns, headed by Charley Howard and Mons. Blandowski's Ballet Troupe, together with Wesiyn and Casey, Eleanor Leonard and Mertella and La Mare, Billy Carter, Lou Vavasour, Forman and Gallagher, Frank Lewis, and Leonne and Ryan and Co's.....At the Front-street Theatre the week's bill was given by George Thatcher, Frank Moran and the Novello Quartet in a neat minstrel scene; Mullen and Magee, burlesque pugilists; Baughman and Hume, fancy rifle-shots; and Fred R. Wren in his drama "On Time." But on Feb. 1 George Thatcher, Frank Moran and Mullen and Magee left, owing, it is alleged, to trouble about salaries. The departures 1 were Mullen and Magee, to Boston; George Thatcher and Alice Placide, to New York; Frank Moran, to Philadelphia; and Fred R. Wren, to Buffalo. Billed for 3: The Swains, Crossley and Elder, John Reilly, Blanche Vernon, Ida Farron, and D. A. Kelly. .....The California Nuggets—Ella and Emma—were unable to appear at the Odeon on account of sickness. The arrivals were Texana Rosemay and Estella Lorraine, Business good. The departures were Frank and Clara Mora, and Healy, Conway and Ella Saunders, to Philadelphia; and Texana Rosemay, Savillio Lorraine and Dick Perkins, to New York. Billed for 3: Arthur Johnson, Frank Harrington, Nellie Bland, Irene Santella, Belle Fairmount, Nellie Thorne and Belle Gray. Advices of Feb. 2.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., Marie D'Este's Parisian Blondes played to a succession of crowded houses last week at reduced rates of admission—25 and 15 cents. A female-minstrel first-part opened the show. In the olio appeared Little Alice, Lotta La Point, the Hamilton Sisters—Dollie, Lillie and Annie—the Girard Brothers, Lottie Russell, and Thomas and Watson. Hogan McCarthy has assumed the stage-management. The present company, and several additions, is announced for another week.....At Crone's Garden Theatre a straight variety bill was resumed 27, the new faces being (with the exception of Little Idalene Cotton retained) Ned and Annie Campbell. McIntyre and Heath, Maud Carrol, Eloise Allen, Julia Robinson and Prof. Morris and dogs. Our correspondent says: "It was Mr. Morris' first appearance before the public, and his canines showed careful training and considerable sagacity. N. B. Shimer took a farewell benefit 31, and his friends turned out numerously. Neil Campbell succeeds Chic Gardner as stage-manager. John R. Lane, as expected. Owing to counter-attractions, the attendance averaged only moderately fair. Closing 1: N. B. Shimer, to New York: Little Idalene Cotton, to Toledo; and Maud Carroll. Billed for 3: Banker and Mills and Harry Leslie."

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., last week the programme was made interesting by the appearance of Tim Morris and Jake Sweet in a sketch entitled "The Old Kentucky Home," followed by the vocalisms of Eunice Moore; an original version of "Irish Life in America," and an Irish song, "Casey's Social Club," by Williams and Sullivan; Myles Morris in nautical songs; the Livingstone Brothers and John Murtz in a triple parterre act; songs-and-dances, including "Pigs for Sale," by Quiller and Goldrich; Howard and Thompson as "The Rival Clothes-dealers;" Richard M. Carroll and his sons as "The McFadden Family;" Ben Dodge in impromptu vocalisms; Queen and Bell in a double pedestal clog-dance; real pearance of Robert Aubrey in his salamander leap; and the closing sketch "Baked Alive," acted by Tony Williams, Mark Sullivan, Myles Morris, Jennie Conway and Miss Palmer, who supplied evening of 1 by C. Queen), H. H. Brown, and Miss Jessie Plummer. Business for week, fair. New appearances 3: Bertha and Ida Foy, Florence Ellis, Harry Allen and Oliver W. Wren, John Morris, William Conrad and his ten performing dogs, J. W. McAndrews, Louis Lemberg, and Harry Bryant. 10, Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe. 17, Charles Pechter.....At the Boylston Museum the stock-starring Minstrels were again the opening feature, this time headed by Al. Decker and Billy Mayo as bones, Bob Allen and M. Sullivan, tambos, and Harry Montague interlocutor, the Misses Arlington, Duncan, Marden, and Engler being vocalists. The olio included gymnastic and acrobatic acts by Mathews and Gonzales; songs-and-dances by Lizzie Mulvey; Minnie Farrell in songs, dances and rapid change of costume; a sketch, called "Two Extremes," performed by Al. Decker, Bob Allen, and M. Sullivan: Mabel Pearl in fresh vocalisms; El Nino Eddie in feats of balancing and posturing; a ballet entitled "The Fairies' Retreat," danced by Frankie Christie, the Misses Hunter, Snow, Marden and corps: popular songs by Harry Montague; and Bell's sketch "Ma, Look at Him," interpreted by Messrs. Allen, Decker, Sullivan and Miss Marden. 31, in addition to the appearance of several amateurs, a glove-contest took place between Benny Green of Providence and J. J. Bagley of this city. Business for the week fair. 3, the new engagements are Mullen and Magee, Charles H. Yale, Minnie Lawton, William C. Cameron, Mr. Plummer, and Martin and Duffy. Letter dated Feb. 1.

THE METROPOLITAN, a new variety theatre, opened Jan. 27 in Milwaukee, Wis. John Siensby is proprietor and manager, and Jos. P. Sullivan stage-manager. The theatre has a seating capacity of 350. The people appearing were Ida Vincent, serio-comic; Lydia Yeamans, song-and-dance; Lillie Hilton, specialty; Collins Brothers—Lew and Frank—song-and-dance. Announced for Feb. 3: Ernest Booth, Senor Naoni, McVicker and Saunders. Business fair.....At the Milwaukee the departures Feb. 1 were Francis Norton and James Hearne, to Chicago. Announced for Feb. 3: Belle Fostelle, Billy Noonan, Alice Bateman, Wood and West, The O'Donohue and Marshall Adams.....Feb. 3 Lew Benedict took the bed with the following company: Jule Keen and Sallie Adams, Sellon and Burns, Tommy Neil, Jennie Wade, Carrie Howard, Senor Alphonzo, Job Green and orchestra of seven pieces. Route: Madison 3, 4, Janesville 5, Fond du Lac 6, Oshkosh 7, returning to Milwaukee 8.

TIM ROGERS and Roltair were fresh arrivals at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 27.....Business continues good at Harry Williams' Academy of Music. The newcomers Jan. 27 were Little Nea, Dave Oakes, Fagan and Fenton, Herbert Brothers, Lizzie Daly, and Clara Moore. Close Feb. 1: Little Mac and Dave Oaks, to Chicago; Herbert Brothers and Bryant and Hoey, to New York; Watson and Ellis and Clara Moore, to Cincinnati; and Fagan and Fenton, to Buffalo. To open Feb. 3: "Yank" Adams, Tierney, Cronin, Lester and Allen, Viola Clifton, Campbell and Burke, Louise Montague, and Perry and Magrey.

AT THE VOLKS' THEATRE, Brooklyn, the new people this week include Jennie and Anna Morgan, Murphy and Morton, the Girard Brothers, Harry Bennett, the three Leotards, the Miltons and Jacob Riley.....At the Olympic the new faces are Delehanty and Hengler, Sarony, Waters and Kelly, Wood and Beasley, Devlin and Tracy, Prof. Rhinehart and dogs, Sateuma, Mathews and Gonzales, Harry and Bennett, George Sylvester and Everett, Dolly Sharp and Carrie Lewis. .....The Eagle Varieties is the new house to be opened Feb. 3. It is located at 296 Columbia street, between Summit and Woodhull, South Brooklyn. The company includes John J. Delafield, May Montague, Geo. H. and Nettie Woods, Kate Byron, Dick Berthon, Emma Moulton, Emily Smith, T. Owens, Ella Santos, Kitty Nelson and E. Budworth. The house is under the management of M. Kenny.

BILLY BARRY AND HUGH FAY thank managers for their offers of engagements, and state in an advertisement that they are engaged for the remainder of the season at the Volks' Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Milwaukee, Wis., under the management of J. Siensby, with Jos. P. Sullivan stage-manager, performers can secure engagements by applying as per card.

THOS. WINNETT advertises that he can furnish variety artists, especially ladies.

ZEALONE AND CARROLL, musical artists, have their time filled from 10 March 17, when they close at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city. They advertise for engagements after that date.

MAY VERNON will shortly appear with Ed. C. Smith, late of Smith & Byrne, in sketches. She has been performing with success in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently.

REGINA WILLARD, song-and-dance artist, is open for engagements. See card.

GOOD VARIETY TALENT is advertised for by F. M. Link.

AT THE JERSEY CITY (N. J.) VARIETIES performers can find engagements. See card.

A TRAPEZE NET is offered for sale as per advertisement.

SELLON AND BURNS in their Irish specialties and glove fight are recommended as quite attractive cards by Manager Mitchell of the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo. See advertisement.

THE METROPOLITAN NOVELTY THEATRE, New Haven, Ct., is reported to have been closed Jan. 31 because the manager had no license.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Fort Wayne, Ind., business continues good. The features last week were W. H. Brent in the drama of "Under the Lash;" the Fontainebleaus in specialties; George Derious as the mischievious ape; Lizzie Derious, vocalist; Nellie Thorne in ballads and dancing; Myers and Cassady, who were only fair Dutch comedians; and Mons. Leopold in acrobatic feats, aided by Little Harry as Clown. Departures Feb. 2: W. H. Brent, to Detroit; George and Lizzie Derious, to Milwaukee; Nellie Thorne, Mons. Leopold and Harry, to Baltimore, Md. Opening 3: Kelly and Haley, Burton S'anley and Master Willie.

FEMALE TALENT is wanted at Harry Hill's Theatre. See advertisement.

FANNY HERRING opens at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Feb. 10.

GUS H. SAVILLE of Bryant and Saville was, at the close of their musical act, Jan. 20, in the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., presented by a number of his friends with a handsome gold medal. The presentation speech was made by Stage-manager H. P. Williams.

PETRIE AND FISH are now performing in their ninth week at the Oxford, Middlesex and South London Palace Music Halls, London, Eng. Extracts from *The London Era*, published in another column, speak of their performances in terms of the highest praise. They give a grotesque act in white face in the ballet of "Dresdena," now being played at the South London Palace. They open in Paris, France, April 20, after which they go on a tour of the Continent in conjunction with Mason and Dixon. They advertise their permanent address in this issue.

MAY FISK'S BLONDES were arrested in Brockton, Mass., Jan. 28, for performing without a license. At the trial the following morning the Court was convinced that the troupe failed to procure a license through a misunderstanding, and they were discharged. A number of young men of the town hired the Brockton Brass Band and escorted the company to the depot.

EDWARD M. BRYANT of Barton—Bryant and O'Brien and Miss Ruby Pearl of Cincinnati, O., were married by the Rev. Dr. Briggs in Chillicothe Jan. 25.

M. STOLTS advertises for a partner to do Hebrew business.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Kansas City, Mo., the company last week included Gibson and Binney, the Howland Sisters, Baby Blanchart, the Parker Sisters—Kittie and Maggie—and Thomas Murray.

MISS MOLLIE GAYLORD, serio-comic vocalist, and eldest daughter of the late Lorenzo and Elizabeth Gaylord, died of consumption at the residence of Joe Gaylord, 175 Jefferson street, Philadelphia, Monday, Jan. 27. The rites of the Catholic Church were read over her remains in St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church by the Right Rev. Father Sweeney, and the interment took place in the New Cathedral Cemetery on Thursday, Jan. 30. Among the floral offerings were a very handsome pillow by Mrs. Maud Gaylord, with the word "Mary" upon it, and an elegant wreath by Mrs. Harry Enochs. Miss Mollie Gaylord was born in Philadelphia March 6, 1860, and made her debut upon the stage at the Music Hall Varieties, that city, in 1874. While playing there she married Chas. Single, now known as one of the Mauritius Bros., from whom she obtained a divorce. Her last engagement was at Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., August, 1878. At the funeral the pallbearers were Charles Devere, Tom Haywood, James Mack, and George Davies. The following professionals were present: James H. Horn, Mrs. Maud Gaylord, Mrs. Harry Enochs, Miss Bonnie Blair, Miss Emily Kendall, Millie Leonetta, Miss Belle Cushing, Miss Ida Pico', Miss Beatie Lee, Miss Collins, Miss Tillie Vanderbilt and Miss Blanche Roselle.

NEWARK, N. J., now has three variety theatres, two opening Feb. 3. Fred Waldmann's New Theatre is doing a successful business. "Fanchon," with Miss Katie Gilbert as the Cricket and Harry Bell as Landry, was the chief feature last week. Departures 3: Lottie Wentworth, idle; John Morris, Boston; Ione Lang, New York; Manchester and Lansing, Washington. Billed for 3: Martinetti and Belle Gabrielle, Siegrist Bros., Flora Moore, Erba Robeson, Emma and Charles Austin, Mlle. Marie and Georgie Sheridan..... The Theatre Comique is the new name given to Ward's Opera-house, which was closed on Feb. 1 for non payment of a gas-bill. Jerome Stansill, the new lessee, is to present 2 John Williams, Oliver W. and Allie Wren, Jas. Messenger, Wm. Mitchell, Lizzie Estelle. Depart 3: Budworth and Keye, New Haven; Harry Woodson, Washington; Doty and Malcom, Hugo and the Morelle Bros., to New York; Cromley and De Forest, to Buffalo..... The Metropolitan Theatre opens 3 under the new management of Blair & Roser, with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne, the Carroll Family, Jeppe and Fannie Delano, Ned West, Vic Hamilton, Robert Aubrey, Hall and De Bar, Emma Brennan, Chas. Duncan, and Harry D. Grahame. Advices of Feb. 3.

THE ARRIVALS at the Adelphi, Toledo, O., Jan. 27 were George France and dogs in drama; Wm. James and John Brazier, grotesque dancers; Ella Mayo, serio-comic; Kelly and Haley in Irish acts; Hinemand Eldridge, song-and-dance. Closing Feb. 1: Kelley and Haley, to Grand Rapids; Hinds and Eldridge, to Pittsburg; Harry Fielding and Maggie Walker, who lay off; Emma Wells and Jennie Ray, to Dayton. Opening 3: Ben Cotton, Little Adelaide, Johnny Pierce and Lottie Archer, Waide and Laclade, St. Leon, and Nick and May Hughes.

AT SHELBY'S ADELPHI, Buffalo, N. Y., a good business was done the past week, the attractions Jan. 27 being Ed. Christie in a musical sketch; Jessie Boyd, serio-comic; Young Ajax, contortionist; Ned Barry, vocalist; Fannie Beane and Charles Gilday in specialties; the Courtland Sisters and Jane as "Yank" Adams, whose exhibitions of finger-billiards produced favorable comment. Departures Feb. 1: Young Ajax, to Cincinnati; Courtland Sisters, New York; "Yank" Adams, Pittsburg; Ed. Chrissie, Fannie Beane and Charles Gilday, to Rochester, where a company under the management of Mr. Shelby opens Feb. 3, for one week. This company also includes Ed. Campbell, Ned Campbell, Shed Leclair, Wm. Henry Rice, Sparks Brothers, Keating and Sands, and Madge Alston. To open 3: George France, Harry Lavarnie, Irwin Sisters, Fagan and Fenton, Charles H. Stanley, and Marlow and Mealey.

AT THE NEW NATIONAL, Hartford, Ct., the new people last week were James and Susie Dillon, Irish sketch artists, Fred Smith, and troupe of educated dogs, the Rinaldo Brothers and Dan Mason. Patsy Sheppard and Mike Coburn in their sparring entertainment attracted a large audience 31. Closed Feb. 1: Neil Smith, to New Haven; Dan Mason, to Providence; the Dillons, to join the Chappelle Combination at Yonkers, N. Y.; and the Ronaldo Brothers. Announced for 3: Thatcher and Hume, George Kurtz and Nellie Mack, and Miranda Sisters, Lizzie Byron and the Moore Sisters.

FOR THE WEEK ending Feb. 1, at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, the new faces were Rose Lisle, the Leotard Brothers, and Zera, all of whom closed on the above date. Lizzie Conway, Bob Harrison and Billy Carroll, who are members of the stock company, also appeared. Business fair. Texas Jack, Donald McKay, J. H. Hazleton, Harry Mitchell, George Bailey, Harry Irving, J. N. Watson, George Delafield, Jennie Fisher, Edith Malvern, Grace Garland, George M. Miles, and George Hawkins open 3. The last-named is a colored man, who recently made a very successful debut here as an aged-darky impersonator.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Brooklyn, E. D., the new people Jan. 27 were Alice Somers, song-and-dance; the Devere Brothers, Dutch sketch artists and dancers; Mons. Florentine, juggler; Keegan and Lynch in Irish specialties; Lillie Ellis, serio-comic; and the Franklins in their sparring act. Mme. Elise's Female Minstrels appeared first, and the performances closed with J. A. Gyaver's sketch "The Mulligan-guard Coterie." Business was fair. Letter dated Feb. 1 says the new people Feb. 3 are Bobby McDonald, Minnie Farrell, J. H. McDonald, Dan Mason, Devere Brothers.

AT THE COLISEUM, Detroit, Mich., on Jan. 27 came Mrs. R. A. Brennan and Capt. Geo. Liable, Minnie Rainforth, Cora and Charley Fox, Admiral and Lola Yale and the Sparkes Bros. Stage-carpenter Joseph Jamison (a position he has held in Detroit for twenty six years) met with an accident on 27. One of the guides of the flats having loosened, fell striking upon his head. The force of the blow was broken by his stiff felt hat, and only a temporary illness was the result. Closed Feb. 1: Mrs. R. A. Brennan, Capt. Liable, Lola and Admiral Yale, Grand Rapids; Charley and Jessie Fox, Toledo; Sparks Bros., Buffalo; Thorne & Christie's Pantomime Company, Cincinnati. For 3 are announced Frank Jones, Alice Montague, Al and Lelia Wyman, the Clintons—Harry, Jennie and child—Guy Linton and Lucy Adams. Business good.....The Comique was opened 26 by Mme. Pachon's Blondes, and have attracted large audiences during the week. J. W. Shepard, Foster and Hughes, Vantini and Zelella and Marie Aumine and Frank Monroe were the chief features. They are announced for another week.

HARRY G. RICHMOND opens at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Feb. 10, in his drama "Beware of Tramps," and will be followed at the same theatre by Charley Banks in "Grant's Trip Around the World."

THE ARCADE, Philadelphia, is in the sheriff's hands.....The New National Theatre in that city was announced to be sold by the Sheriff on Feb. 3, to satisfy a judgment against the builder.

THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, will be reopened Feb. 8, under the management of Wm. J. Gilmore, backed by a new York party. Suit has commenced against John Duffy, the late lessee of this theatre, by some of the musicians and performers for salary due them, and the case will come up Feb. 5.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS are to perform in Troy, N. Y., Feb. 5, 6, Albany 7, 8, Poughkeepsie 10, Newark, N. J., 11, Trenton 12, Wilmington, Del., 13.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS will visit California early in April.

BARLOW, WILSON, RHINBOLT & WEST'S Minstrels, who played in Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 28, open in Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 10, for a season of six weeks.

DUPREE & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS performed in Martinsburg, W. Va., Jan. 29, Cumberland, Md., 30, Frederick City 31, Annapolis Feb. 1. Route: Havre de Grace 3, Oxford, Pa., 4, Port Deposit, Md., 5, Elkton 6, New Castle, Del., 7, Middleton 8, Dover 10. They go East again this season. The company numbers twenty-one, is strongly organized, and is meeting with successful business. A good tenor or alto balladist is wanted. See card.

THE LENNON BROTHERS' MINSTRELS performed in Martinsville, Ill., Jan. 26, Casey 29, Greenup 30, Effingham 31, Mattoon Feb. 1, Arcola 3.

MCALLISTER'S MINSTRELS were in Hillsdale, Mich., Jan. 27, Hudson 28, Adrian 29, Blissfield 30, Clyde, O., 31, Norwalk Feb. 1, Bucyrus 3, and will show in Mansfield 4, Wooster 5, Massilon 6, Canton 7, Alliance 8.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to Feb. 1 is furnished by our correspondent as follows: "The only new olio people at the Coliseum Jan. 27 were the Four Aces—Tierney, Cronin, Lester and Allen—their nondescript act being encored again and again. Departures: Billy and Maggie Ray, to Louisville; Carlotta Banks, Kansas City; John and Lee Peasley, Cleveland; and the Four Aces, Pittsburg. Watson and Ellis open 3.....Alice Montague, balladist; Williams and Sully, song-and-dance; and Thomas and James Walsh, double-clogists, opened at Heuck's 27. Departures: Alice Montague and Walsh Brothers. Opening 3: Thorne and Christie, Ajax, Nellie Germon and Frankie Christie.....Shicking's Academy of Music reopened 26, under the stage management of Charley Shay. The announced company contained the names of Cincinnatus, Billy

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 5 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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American Championship Boat Races.
British Sculling Championship.
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American Amateur Champion Athletes.
English Amateur Champion Athletes.
Canadian Amateur Champion Athletes.
By the Old Stream, illustrated poem.
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Model League Games.
The International Arena.
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Victories over League Clubs.
Noteworthy Contests of 1878.
College Championship.
CRICKET.—Highest Scores in America during 1878.
CALENDARS.
FASTEST RECORDED TIMES, Etc.
The Turf.
Rowing.
Pedestrianism.
Ocean Steamships.
Bicycle Racing.
Fire Engines, Hose Companies, etc.
Jumping.
Rifle-shooting.
Railroads.
Miscellaneous.
Trap-shooting.
Swimming.
Sailing Vessels.
Yachting.
River Steamers.
Prize Ring.
Weight-lifting.
Baseball.
Snowshoe Racing.
Skating.
Ratting.
Notable Performances not Records.
Gold, Apparent Fluctuations of.
History of Amusements in America from 1686.
How Birds and Beasts are Grouped.
Interest Tables.
La Rouge Camella, illustrated story.
Mail Time to Prominent Cities.
Moorish Maiden, The—illustrated poem.
Postage, Rates of, etc.
Receipts of Seven Great Fairs.
Religious Denominations.
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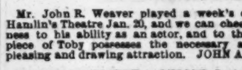

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ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—An entirely new entertainment with new people drew a crowd to the old St. Charles last night sufficient to fill the theatre in very available place. The magnets on the stage were in Mr. J. W. Mack's vaudeville and specialty company and the Jennie Hughes Dramatic and Ballet Troupe. Taken together, the combination is a strong one, succeeding happily in giving a pleasing and popular entertainment. After the olio was given the spectacular and military drama "The French Spy," with Miss Jennie Hughes, the star of the combination, in the three characters made famous by the great Celeste, Zoe. Helen Western and other noted actresses. Miss Hughes is a young and handsome woman, strong and active, and does a finish to her work, especially in the pantomime business in the character of the Arab boy. The efforts of the ballet troupe were well received. The same bill will be repeated to-night and until further notice.—NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE, Jan. 27.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—A good house and a good performance was seen at the St. Charles Theatre last night. In fact, the audience was exceptionally large, and the bill was better than ordinarily attractive. Miss Jennie Hughes in the leading role, or rather the leading roles, of the military drama of "The French Spy" was the chief attraction. There was a number of specialties however, which added greatly to the evening's entertainment. "The French Spy," as a play, offers fine opportunities for the peculiar talents of Miss Jennie Hughes. She appears in three characters: Henri St. Alme, an officer; Mathilde, his wife; and Hemet, an Arab boy. As Hemet she is most attractive. Her fine form is shown to great advantage in the numerous situations in which the demands of the play place her. She has acquired great facility in the pantomime motions, and succeeds admirably in holding the attention of her audience.—NEW ORLEANS TIMES, Jan. 27.

Mlle. Hughes au theatre en ce moment est Mlle. Jennie Hughes qui a si superbement rempli le rôle du Jeune Boy, le corps de ballet dans "French Spy" a montré un ensemble très satisfaisant et nous ne serions pas surpris que le drame spectacle fut donné plusieurs jours de suite.—L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS, 28 Janvier, 1879.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—The managers of the "Old Drury" have to be complimented on the engagement of the Jennie Hughes and J. W. Mack Combination, which, judging from the audience present last night, promises to be a most remunerative engagement. The performance of "The French Spy" by the dramatic company is excellent. In the role of the Spy Miss Jennie Hughes, besides being endowed with a beautiful face and an exquisite shape, shows how well she has been trained. He every motion on the stage is a study, but performances at the St. Charles by this combination justly deserve the public favor that they are now receiving.—NEW ORLEANS CITY ITEM, January 28.

St. Charles Theater. Das volle Haus der Saison begrüßte am Sonntag Abend das erste Auftreten der Jennie Hughes Combination, und das Auditorium war so befriedigt, daß die Gesellschaft auf ein reichlich lohnendes Gastspiel zählen kann. Der „French Spy" würde, wenn in zwei kurze Akte zusammengedrängt, weit mehr Effekt haben. Das Stück besteht hauptsächlich aus einer Entfaltung von brillanten Scenerien, drallen Beinen, Mordsen und Tänzen, gibt aber der Darstellerin der Hauptpartie, Miß Jennie Hughes, volle Gelegenheit, ihr Talent im Spiel und ihre prachtvolle Figur zur schönsten Geltung zu bringen. Die Ausstattung des „Spy" ist wirklich glänzend und namentlich die letzte Scene, die Erstürmung von Algier, rief stürmischen Beifall hervor. — „Tägliche Deutsche Zeitung", den 28. Januar 1879.

A LARGE AUDIENCE, A GOOD COMPANY, AND A STRICTLY MORAL ENTERTAINMENT.—A large audience assembled at the theatre on last evening to witness the initiative performance of the Jennie Hughes and J. W. Mack Combination, among whom were a number of the most refined ladies of our city. Miss Jennie Hughes is an actress who came to us unknown, but who has already won a place in the high estimation of our people, and who needs to our mind such actresses as Menken and Celeste, who, years ago, presented this play here, and with whom Miss Hughes compares most favorably. This lady is not only a good actress, but is very pretty and in possession of a fine form, which combined facts have made her at once a favorite.—MOBILE REGISTER, Jan. 21

DAVIS' THEATRE.—"THE FRENCH SPY."—Crowded houses greeted the performances of the Jennie Hughes Dramatic Company. The applause was constant and enthusiastic throughout. The second part of the programme is devoted to the production of "The French Spy," with Miss Jennie Hughes in the title-role. This young lady is not only blessed with a very prepossessing presence, but is quite an excellent pantomimist. She plays with great spirit, and is an artist in picturesque posing. The combat scene between Mathilde and Mohammed is an unusually good representation.—LOUISVILLE COMMERCIAL.

An unexceptionable entertainment, wholly free from anything which might offend either delicate taste or strict propriety. The applause was constant and enthusiastic throughout.—LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL, Dec. 25, 1878.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE—THE LEG-DRAMA.—Last evening the Jennie Hughes and J. W. Mack Combinations opened an engagement at this theatre under most auspicious circumstances. The dress-circle and parquet had not a vacant seat, while the two vast galleries were packed with human beings. This was deserved, as the sequel showed. The entertainment, which was most varied and interesting, began with a series of variety performances which we have never seen excelled in this city, and very seldom equaled. To complete this portion of the entertainment, little Georgie, a beauty of about fourteen Summers, sang and danced admirably. She is graceful in the extreme besides, and will doubtless break many hearts during her sojourn here. Miss Vergie Jackson, the possessor of a pretty voice, sang and pleased. This lady is beautiful, and a paragon of form. The symmetry of her lines must be seen to be appreciated. In fact, there are a dozen or more women in the audience, such as the one of whom is pretty, at least, and must have been selected with great reference to their faces and figures. "The French Spy," which closed the performance, revealed an excellent actress. Miss Jennie Hughes, who played the part with great skill. Her success is assured. Like all the ladies of the troupe, she is handsome, graceful, and the happy possessor of an opulent figure which might tempt a saint. "The French Spy" is too well known here to need a recital of its rich coris de ballet dans "French Spy" a montre un ensemble plot, but we should add that it was splendidly mounted. Much of the scenery was new, and the costumes were perfectly charming.—N. O. DEMOCRAT, Jan. 27.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—Another large audience assembled at the St. Charles last night. The attractions were the same as on Sunday night—Miss Jennie Hughes in the picturesque character impersonations in "The French Spy," with a well sustained ballet introduced, preceded by a fairly good variety-olio entertainment. The entertainment is one that can be witnessed with pleasure by ladies, and such as have been made Tony Pastor's Theatre one of the most popular places of amusement in New York.—N. O. PICAYUNE, Jan 28.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—Last night the "Old Drury" shone with all of its former splendor—a large, brilliant and appreciative audience was present to witness the Jennie Hughes and J. W. Mack Combination. The evening's entertainment was one calculated to suit the wants of all, being varied and interesting. The first part of the olio presented, introducing Miss Jennie Hughes. In the principal character she is equal, if not superior, to any that we have seen in this role. Besides being a good actress, she is possessed of beauty—such that is sure to capture all. The Turkish ballet, during the play, did some elegant dancing and were very effective in their marches.—N. O. CITY ITEM, Jan. 27.

The Jennie Hughes Combination gave their opening entertainment last night to a tolerably well-filled house. The principal entertainment was "The French Spy, or the Fall of Algiers," with Miss Jennie Hughes as the spy. To a beautiful face Miss Hughes adds a splendidly-developed form, and talents of no ordinary power as an actress. In the several parts of Mathilde, Henri and Hemet, although she spoke no words, she delighted the audience by her pantomime and graceful gestures and posturing.—MONTGOMERY ADVERTISER, Jan 21.

"The French Spy," as it was then given, in which Miss Jennie Hughes was superior to the once notorious Adah Isaacs Menken. She is graceful, pretty, and acts well.—CHARLESTON COURIER.

It affords admirable opportunity for Miss Hughes to display her beauty, grace and pantomimic powers, and to say that as the "Arab Boy" she "was as pretty as a picture" is simply to utter a truth. The ballet of charming young ladies is the best we have ever had here, and their scarf dance and Amazonian march made up "a rosebud garden of girls."—AUGUSTA SENTINEL.

THE FRENCH SPY.—The parquet and dress-circle were well filled and the family circle and gallery crowded last evening to greet the Jennie Hughes Dramatic and Vaudeville Combination. The performance commenced with a variety entertainment, which was undoubtedly one of the very best ever given in Savannah. "The French Spy" followed, with Miss Jennie Hughes in the title-role. She is graceful, possesses a fine figure, and is a good actress, and is superior in the character to Zoe, who created such a sensation here some years ago.—SAVANNAH NEWS.

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